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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE decision to end sanctions ends an epoch. The troubled post-war period in Europe has been dignified by the attempt to substitute public law for international anarchy. That period is now at an end. We may, indeed, roll up the map of Europe; in ten years' time it is not likely to look at all as it does to-day. Collective security for the time at least is dead. It will be revived because, in the long run, men cannot live in a state of anarchy. The League has failed in our generation because the Governments of Sovereign States were not prepared for the new conception of society; in each of the great disputes over Manchuria, over German rearmament and over Abyssinia, the leading Powers at Geneva have been guided by particularist thoughts of national interest and have lacked the imagination to realise a wider interest in a joint effort to collaborate for peace. At the root of the trouble has been economic as well as political nationalism. A League of Nations will only succeed when the States that compose it can collaborate economically. A successful League would involve economic benefits as well as political obligations.

The End of "Collective Security"

In his speech during Tuesday's debate, Mr. Baldwin recognised the permanence of the idea of collective security. But it is mischievous and misleading to pretend that collective security of any kind exists to-day. The facts are that Europe is disintegrating, that every neighbour of Nazi Germany has given up hope of the League and is looking either for the protection of another powerful neighbour or for a *modus vivendi* with the Nazi Government. Dr. Schacht's successful mission to Jugoslavia makes the Little Entente and the French system of alliances look precarious. That domination of the continent by Germany which the last war was fought to prevent seems closer than in 1914; at some point it means war. At what point is now impossible to prophesy. How far collaboration between Mussolini and Hitler is possible and where their interests will clash in the Balkans, we do not yet know. Nor is it yet clear how far the efforts to persuade public opinion to accept an inevitable war between Germany and Russia will be successful. At the moment everything is in the melting pot. In these circumstances talk of collective security in England is only a way of trying to bamboozle the Labour Party to support preparations for a nationalist war which they are pledged to resist. It is urgent for the Opposition parties to recognise these facts, and again to achieve that unity of policy which was broken by the Government's half-hearted acceptance of sanctions last autumn. Unity may perhaps be again achieved by some such policy as we discuss in our leading article this week.

Freedom of the Straits

The conference called by Turkey to revise the Lausanne Treaty opened at Montreux in an atmosphere of cordiality. After Hitler's conduct, the Great Powers are now so grateful to anyone who asks their leave to change a burdensome treaty, that Turkey will get much of what she wants. To the British Government her case—that the League is now broken and impotent and therefore cannot guarantee the freedom of the Straits—is particularly congenial. Not much is lost or gained by permitting the Turks to fortify the Straits. Since they held both shores, they could always have done this with a few days' delay. Nor does any serious issue arise over the passage of merchantmen. The really contentious issues turn on the conditions to be imposed on the entry of warships into the Black Sea, and their exit from it. When the Lausanne Treaty was signed, neither the British nor the French had wholly abandoned the thought of intervention in Russia. To-day the position is changed so completely as regards the French, that they ask for the unlimited entry of French warships into the Black Sea, and of Russian warships into the Mediterranean, in order that they may support each other (and, of course, the League) under the Eastern Pact. The Russians ask for what they have at present, free exit in order that their Black Sea Fleet may be available at need in the Far East or the Baltic. This claim the British, the Japanese and (when they condescend to appear) the Italians will oppose—an interesting combination.

The Week in France and Belgium

In Belgium as well as in France the strike movement seems to be waning. In response to M. van Zeeland's concessions, the central Trade Union Commission is adjuring the strikers to return to work; and settlements have already been reached in a number of industries, including the Antwerp docks. The Belgian workers have won wage increases in most cases, but only a very limited concession in relation to the hours of labour, which are to be the subject of inquiry when the strikes are over. Only in a few selected industries is the forty-hour week to be introduced at once. Undoubtedly the existence in Belgium of separate Catholic Trade Unions has weakened the solidarity of the strikers, and made it impossible to repeat in full the successes of the French movement. Meanwhile, in France, M. Vincent-Auriol has produced a second batch of laws for the protection of the franc against speculators, and for the reform of the Bank of France. There are severe penalties against speculators in foreign exchange, and French subjects are to be compelled, on pain of confiscation, to disclose their foreign holdings of securities or balances. The Bank of France is to have a new representative Council, to be set up by decree, the Government places being occupied by civil servants. At the same time, the Fascist and semi-Fascist Leagues are being compulsorily dissolved, apparently without any organised resistance beyond mere protest. Altogether, M. Blum's Government is keeping up a hot pace.

The Palestine Revolt

The report on the Palestine situation given by Mr. Ormsby-Gore last week indicates that the Arab strike has assumed the dimensions of a rebellion. The strike affects almost all Arab industrial enterprises and has now continued for more than eight weeks. Disturbances have increased and there is little evidence that the display of force and the ordinances empowering the High Commissioner to pass sentences of death and life imprisonment have had much effect in quelling the resistance. All parties in the debate in the House were agreed that order must be re-established before grievances are examined. In other words, the Arab leaders must call off the strike before the Royal Commission sets sail. The revolt is so widespread, however, that it is doubtful whether this is now possible. The strike has inflicted severe privations on many sections of the Arab population, and an Arab leader who wished to check the disturbance without offering some tangible achievement as a result of the strike could only attempt to do so at the risk of his life. Meanwhile, we have heard some sinister rumours, which we hope are untrue, of unnecessarily brutal methods employed by the troops in restoring order. All hope of an eventual settlement would have to be abandoned if the British in Palestine acquired among the Arabs the same unenviable reputation which the French have won for themselves in Syria.

Mr. Roosevelt's Prospects

The convention of the Democratic Party, which has opened at Philadelphia, has only one task before it—to cheer Franklin Roosevelt as he enters the battle, and to receive his instructions for its "platform." He may not wish to raise the real issue, which one takes to be constitutional revision; but can he wholly evade it? Even the Republican champion admitted that over labour legislation a case for it might arise. A frontal attack at the opening of the Convention in a manifesto by ex-Governor "Alf" Smith has probably strengthened his hold on the loyalty of his party. The hostility of the conservative Democrats and of Tammany is a measurable and limited danger; it means the loss of New York State. More interesting, because its effect is incalculable, is the report that a new third party will run Congressman Lemke as candidate. He is merely the standard bearer for Father Coughlin. The radio demagogue claims seven to eight million paying members of his organisation. The Townsendites had two to three millions before the recent exposure, and to these must be added the remnant of Huey Long's "Share our Wealth" Fascists. If, as possible, Mr. Lemke can unite these on a programme of unlimited inflation, Mr. Roosevelt's hold on two or three Mid-Western and North-Western States may be affected to a degree that will lessen his chances, which before this intervention looked like a certainty.

China's Finances

Sir Frederick Leith-Ross has finished his labours in China, and is now on his way home. In his valedictory pronunciamento to the Chinese, he congratulates them on their success in introducing a managed currency and on their continued progress towards ordered government. He stresses the need for the speedy achievement of a balanced Budget, and the key position which the Customs Administration occupies in Chinese public finance, both as a means of current supply and as the guarantee of foreign loans. This leads him to insist on the need for improved relations with Japan, which is at present, by deliberately allowing smugglers a free hand in Northern

China, both sapping the strength of the Nanking Government and seriously annoying the foreign bondholders whose dividends are in peril. Sir Frederick says that during his last visit to Japan he was given assurances that the Japanese have no desire either to set up separate local Customs Administrations in Northern China or to interfere in any way with internal Chinese affairs. This we can hardly be expected to take quite literally. Japan may be willing to loosen her hold of the Chinese Customs in return for political concessions which will make the Nanking Government her puppet; but for the present she is interfering and means to interfere. So much so that Sir Frederick's optimistic prophecies about the future of British trade and investment in China seem somewhat unreal. Or does there lurk behind his fair words the embryo of an Anglo-Japanese deal in which Chiang-Kai-shek is to be compelled in due course to acquiesce?

Reaction in Geneva

The International Labour Conference at Geneva ended with yet another display of reaction by the British Government. Thanks largely to the support given by the British Government to the employers, all save one of the draft Conventions providing for the forty-hour week failed to secure the requisite two-thirds majority, and therefore fell to the ground. Only in the solitary case of the Public Works Convention was the necessary majority secured; and even that will presumably not be ratified as long as the present Government remains in power. A year or two ago, our Government based its opposition to the forty-hour week mainly on the contention that the matter ought to be dealt with not generally, but trade by trade. When, however, the I.L.O. accepted its advice and proceeded to draft separate Conventions for a number of the leading industries, our Government adopted a different line, and opposed the forty-hour week as fiercely as ever. There was a time when Great Britain could claim to be leading the world in labour legislation. Nowadays, she is as great a stronghold of capitalist reaction as even the Fascist countries. The I.L.O. Conference, in addition to the Public Works Convention, adopted another providing for industrial workers an annual week's holiday with pay.

The U.A.B. Debate

Monday's debate on the report of the Unemployment Assistance Board went very much as it was expected to go. No answer was returned to the question whether the delay in issuing the new draft regulations is due to any hesitation on the part of the Government to accept the Board's proposals. Mr. Brown, the Minister of Labour, became positively lyrical in his defence of the Board's achievements, appearing for the nonce to overlook the fact that it has been actually administering a system, or lack of system, of which it strongly disapproves, so that any satisfaction that does exist has to be put down in the main not to the Board, but to the effects of the public clamour which forced the Government to withdraw its regulations last year. By way of contrast with Mr. Brown's complacency, certain back-bench members recognised the extreme difficulty of working out any satisfactory set of regulations on the basis of the family means test. The debate as a whole was merely a preliminary skirmish. The real battle will be joined when the new draft regulations, are published next month.

The Police and the Blackshirts

In answer to a barrage of questions in the House on Monday, Sir John Simon maintained that no case could be made out for the banning of uniforms and military displays, and that no investigation into the activities of the Mosley organisation was required. He seemed, too, unwisely willing to identify himself with the view of many magistrates up and down the country, that independent evidence even when large and responsible in character may be disregarded if it conflicts with police testimony. We are not ourselves disposed to believe every allegation made against the police by anti-Fascist demonstrators, but the reports of Blackshirt provocation and of police protection continue to accumulate. In Oxford, Bristol and elsewhere, Blackshirt meetings have recently resulted in violence and subsequent prosecutions. In Finsbury Park on Sunday the Fascist military band marched under police escort, though bands are supposed to be prohibited in the park, and Sir John Simon disputed the allegation that the police protected anybody. In the East End Jew-baiting is on the increase. The evidence is serious enough to demand an inquiry. Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends are already generally discredited; but the high reputation of the police is something which needs to be jealously guarded, and the difficult question of their correct behaviour in disorderly public meetings when highly provocative statements are made from the platform needs to be carefully and publicly discussed.

In Defence of Culture

Last week-end, members drawn from the British and Continental sections of the International Association of Writers for the Defence of Culture met in London. Unfortunately, many of the Continental delegates had been prevented from being present by the sad necessity of attending Gorki's funeral, and by passport difficulties due to the mad-house state of Europe; but, as it was, the visitor might derive a strange pleasure from seeing M. Julien Benda, that exquisite of the pre-war philosophic world, sitting between M. André Malraux of "La Condition Humaine," and Ilya Ehrenberg of the "Little Golden Calf." A general agreement was arrived at in conference with other writers' and publishers' societies about the alterations required in the existing libel laws. There was also some interesting talk about a new encyclopaedia that would express the Left-wing view of the universe. Many of the foreign delegates misinterpreted the desire of certain of the English delegates to have some idea of the financial foundations of the scheme as a demonstration of lack of sympathy for its principle. But in that they were mistaken; and it is just possible that this meeting of the Association may result in the publication which will enable European Left-wing ideas to clarify themselves. The meeting urged that the Nobel Prize should be given to that pacifist hero, Carl von Ossietzky, who, because of his opinion that "a man who speaks to his country from exile speaks with a hollow voice," stayed in Germany and has been for three years in a concentration camp.

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THE END OF SANCTIONS

THE Vote of Censure on Tuesday was easily defeated. But though the Government won their victory at Westminster, they are very far from having satisfied public opinion in the country. The criticisms of Labour and Liberal spokesmen voiced the feelings of many outside their own parties, and even the Government's own defence was in substance, if not in form, more than half apology. Ministers themselves deplored the failure of sanctions and the "set-back" to the League, whilst claiming that they were not to blame. That is only true to the extent that they share the blame with France for the betrayal of Abyssinia, for a policy of cowardice and double-dealing which has perhaps destroyed the chance of making the League an effective instrument for peace in our generation. Moreover, the responsibility of Great Britain was even greater than that of any other Power for the failure to prevent Mussolini's crime. We were in a position to take the lead in the initial stages of the dispute —and such a lead as would have enabled the combined forces of the League to nip the whole adventure in the bud. Even later, when the aggression had begun, it might have been stopped. For our part we were never deceived into thinking that Mr. Eden's bold-looking attitude at Geneva meant business—not because Mr. Eden did not mean what he said, but because the Government which had been willing to accept the Laval-Hoare proposals were obviously too divided to press their ostensible policy to the point of success. They wanted to moderate Mussolini's terms; they did not mean to overthrow the aggressor. Such a half-hearted attitude was doomed to failure; and to-day the Foreign Secretary is left toeing the line, an object, as the world's press shows, of ridicule or pity everywhere. Britain's "prestige" is lower than it has been for centuries. The reason is not that Britain is "weak," but that its Government has pursued two contradictory foreign policies at the same time. One policy won a general election and rallied Europe to the League; then the other let down our friends and compounded the aggressor's felony. To-day no one trusts us.

For the abandonment of sanctions against Italy in the existing circumstances the Government no doubt have a clear case, though to claim, as they do, that such a step shows courage on their part is a remarkable piece of impudence. It is, in fact, a confession of failure, an ignominious surrender. The excuse for surrender that to make sanctions effective at this thirteenth hour certainly means war has now become true; the French and British Governments have made it true by their past actions. For such a war the League Powers have no stomach. The French Government have followed us promptly in crying off. The Belgians are of the same mind, and other States are preparing to cut their losses. The maintenance of sanctions in their present weak form would be, as M. Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, puts it, merely "a symbolic gesture." To apply them in a stronger form, strong enough to dispossess Mussolini of his ill-gotten gains, is not practical politics in the pitiable state to which the League has been reduced. That is not a result on which the British Government, or any other save the Italian, can congratulate themselves; it calls for sackcloth and ashes.

But it calls also for something besides lamentation and censure. The ending of sanctions is not a policy; it is the collapse of a policy. It is imperative that we should know what the Government intend to do now, and what the attitude of the Opposition parties is to be. What line are Mr. Baldwin and his friends going to take with the victorious aggressor? Are they going to pat him on the back (if the Duce would permit such a familiarity from his inferiors), to do a deal with him, to assist him to consolidate his robbery and equip him for further mischief? Mr. Baldwin says "no." He assured the House on Tuesday that the Government would not condone Italy's action. He added in the next sentence that they did not intend "at the forthcoming meeting of the League to propose or assent to the recognition of Italy's annexation of Abyssinia." "At the forthcoming meeting of the League" is an ominous qualification indeed! He assured us further that the Government had no power to lend money to Italy and had no intention of seeking such power. But that is not good enough. There are private persons able—and we fear willing—to give credits to Italy. What has the Prime Minister to say to that? Only that "the Government are *anxious* (our italics) that these private credits should not be offered except to the limited extent which may be required for purely commercial purposes." Are we to be satisfied with these temporary promises and timid hopes—from a Government whose pledges and assurances have proved so patently worthless?

The Labour Movement, we feel certain—and with it a multitude in every party or of no party—will demand something more. Last autumn the Labour Party at its Brighton Conference, and the Trades Union Congress at Margate, promised unflinching support of sanctions against Italy. Their reward was, first, the general election, in which Mr. Baldwin made all the capital he could out of Labour's loyalty to the Covenant; second, to be accused of being war-mongers; and third, the "great betrayal." And even to-day Mr. Baldwin, desperate for any defence, pursues the old device of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. The danger the Government have to contend with, he says, is that of the country being pushed into a war by the Opposition. This is disingenuous. Mr. Baldwin well knows that there was no serious danger of Mussolini fighting a united League, if the League Powers had been resolutely led last autumn. To-day the danger which confronts the country is that the Government will let it drift into a war—a devastating war—because of a dual policy of being half in and half out of Europe, a policy which takes us again to 1914. Mr. Baldwin still pays lip service to the principle of collective security and protests his love of the League; his lieutenants preach doctrines of "reform" which would reduce the League to a debating society and collective security to a false pretence. In these circumstances, the Opposition is entitled to demand, and ought in our opinion to demand, plain guarantees of the Government—and guarantees which are not merely verbal but practical.

What, we ask in bewilderment, does Mr. Baldwin mean by "collective security" to-day? It is the Opposition's business to find out. Does it mean making friends with one aggressor in the hope of turning him into a dubious ally against another? Labour might test him by putting its demand for guarantees in some such form as this. (1) The British Government should explicitly undertake

not to recognise the conquest of Abyssinia, either *de jure* or *de facto*; to do nothing to facilitate the maintenance of the Italian occupation; and to prohibit (not merely deprecate) the granting of British credits to Italy, directly or indirectly, so long as Italy continues to violate Art. 10 of the Covenant. (2) The British Government, by way of carrying out its project of reforming the League, should propose a treaty of arbitration, non-aggression and mutual assistance, based on the Covenant, and open to every European member of the League which is not violating its covenants. This "League within the League" should include, as a minimum, France, Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. and, say, six other States (there is not the slightest doubt that many more would join). It would determine the armaments of the contracting parties, and if it is to succeed, it must also inaugurate a policy of economic co-operation at Geneva. (3) The Government should bring in a Bill to nationalise the arms, munitions and aeroplane industries. (4) All this must be accompanied by definite proposals for economic reconstruction in the spirit of Sir Samuel Hoare's reference to the "open door" in his speech at Geneva last September.

If the Government proved their good faith—and their common sense—by such actions, then Labour would be prepared to co-operate in case of war arising out of these obligations, and would vote for such armaments as were agreed to be necessary as Great Britain's contribution to collective security. And what if Mr. Baldwin refused all such demands? Let us recall what the National Executive of the Labour Party said in its report on the international situation to the Brighton Conference last October:

> Because this country as a Member of the League and a signatory of the Pact of Paris has renounced war as an instrument of national policy and undertaken certain duties in connection with the restoration and preservation of peace, the citizens of this country are no longer bound blindly to obey the Government if it summons them to war. The Labour Movement will give a lead to the citizens of this country in deciding, if and when an emergency arises, whether the Government should be supported or resisted. Therefore, the Government must be warned that the only way to keep the nation united on questions of peace and war is to keep the League alive.

The emergency now confronts us, and it is for the Labour Party to give the lead to the country, and the warning to the Government, that it promised last autumn. It can refuse, and ask everyone to refuse, support of a rearmament designed not for genuine collective security, but for a balance of power policy which means war. If the Government protest that they are not in favour of alliances, they can only mean they have no policy at all, but are drifting helplessly. And that way, too, we shall be destined for cannon-fodder. A quarter of a century ago Sir Edward Grey said that the arms race must end in revolution or war. That is as true to-day as it proved to be in 1914—save on one condition, which was not open then as it is now. The method of collective security to maintain the peace and prevent aggression has been tried and failed. But it has failed precisely because it has not been tried honestly and resolutely. If the Government will not now pledge themselves wholeheartedly to the only practicable means of ensuring peace, they are inviting the country to choose between war and resistance to war. And if they cry out that this is a threat of revolution, the answer is "Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin!"

FRANCE'S NEW LEAF

WHAT an extraordinary month this has been even for Paris, "the town," as Nietzsche said, "where something is always on the point of happening!" Since the Blum Government came into power events have been moving with a swiftness that no one could have foreseen; the Blum Government itself, in taking office, did not foresee it. Whoever lived in Paris during this month and kept his eyes open need scarcely envy those who witnessed 1789 or 1848; and, without being less exciting, it has been far less unpleasant. No blood, no deaths; long may it continue! It is hard to say what exactly the Blum Government would have done without the great strike epidemic. Blum is not a MacDonald; but even so, one is inclined to think that the principal clauses of the *Front Populaire* programme would not have been rushed through the Chamber and Senate with the same speed as they were last week. In the middle of May even Jouhaux, the head of the C.G.T., seemed to have some doubts about the forty-hour week without a preliminary international agreement on the subject. But for the strikes it is highly probable that the Senate would have opposed this measure—and possibly many of the other measures of the *Front Populaire* programme. But now, gnashing their dentures and uttering sinister warnings, the Senators nevertheless voted all the measures put before them.

The strikes have speeded up things in an extraordinary way. They began in the last week in May among the metal workers of the Red Belt, and spread like an epidemic. Wherever it was practicable the strikers occupied the works. This was new. The occupation was illegal, and Blum agreed that it was illegal—a breach of the laws of property. But was the Government to drive the strikers out by armed force, and possibly with the help of a voluntary police force recruited from the Fascist Leagues? The answer was "No." The Government's role, he said, was one of conciliation and arbitration. In other words, the Government was not going to go against the workers struggling for their bread, and it was not going to encourage the creation of special constables.

The strike was largely, though in many cases not entirely, spontaneous. In many factories it was decided upon an hour, or half an hour, in advance by a small organised group—usually Communist—who declared that at such-and-such a moment the works would be "occupied." How far these enterprising local Communists acted on instructions from above is uncertain; for in some cases they went farther than suited the Communist leaders. But the strike order was invariably followed by the rest of the workers. (In the restaurant strike in Paris the technique was rather different; many of the restaurants were summoned to close down by pickets from outside.)

Political judgment, or political instinct, told the French proletariat that the circumstances for striking were particularly favourable. Under a Socialist Government the owners could more easily be made to surrender; the "occupation" did not involve the same risks as under a reactionary Government; and both economically and politically it was undoubtedly an effective weapon. Further, the *Front Populaire* programme provided for a number of extremely important labour reforms; and as a member of a strike committee told me, "the Government will need all the pressure from the masses to be able to push these reforms through the Senate"; and that, by going on strike, the French proletariat, who wished the Blum Government well, were rendering it a capital service. Summing up the situation, an old Communist *militant* said to me the other day: "Mon ami, le peuple a toujours raison." It was the same sound instinct which prevented the strike from becoming unpopular with the general public. Two stoppages in particular—that of the lorrymen at the Halles and that of the petrol distributors—threatened to make things very uncomfortable for Paris. But both were in reality a show of force rather than a deliberate attempt to starve Paris or to paralyse its transport. Thanks to this caution, the Paris

strikes did not have the effect—as had, to some extent, the British General Strike of 1926—of turning the general public against the workers.

It would, of course, be idle to deny that there were moments when the Blum Government and even the Communist leaders were beginning to feel uneasy. Anxious faces could be seen in the Chamber lobbies, and " nous sommes débordés " was a phrase that Socialist, Communist and Trade Union leaders used quite a great deal in private, especially around June 5th, 6th and 7th, that is, before the Matignon agreement was signed. The Communists placed the blame for this *débordement* on the Trotskyists and on the revolutionary wing of the Socialist party. " I wish," a leading Communist member told me about that time, " the Socialist Party would keep their Marceau Piverts and Zyromskys in order. We are in sympathy with the strikers, but we don't want the strike to create anarchy in France." And while the metal workers were still " occupying " their works, in spite of the Matignon agreement, Thorèz, the young Communist leader, said that " one had to know when it was time to end a strike," adding that it was " sometimes better to accept a compromise than to go on with a strike at the risk of playing into the hands of the reactionaries." It is true that a few days later, when the strike was settled, Thorèz used less moderate language.

As already said, these strikes were a great and, in the main, unco-ordinated mass movement, in which the instinct of the rank and file was of greater importance than any advice or instructions given by the C.G.T. or by the Communist leaders. In such big engineering works as Renault's everything was in the hands of a strike committee which did not strictly follow anybody's advice. When the strike broke out scarcely five per cent. of the 32,000 workers were members of the C.G.T.; and it was only *after* the Matignon agreement on wage increases and the principle of collective bargaining had been signed between the C.G.T. and the delegates of the French Federation of Production that they began to join the C.G.T. in thousands. As the C.G.T. leaders, who hailed the Matignon agreement as " the greatest victory in French Trade Unionism " afterwards remarked, that agreement would have marked the end of the strike if only the majority of the strikers had been members of the C.G.T. But at that time they were not, and during the days that followed there was still a singular lack of unanimity between the C.G.T. and several of the major strike committees, which were both extremist and non-union.

The Matignon agreement, the enormous increase (from 1,200,000 to nearly 3,000,000) in the membership of the C.G.T., and the subsequent vote by Parliament of the Collective Contract mark a remarkable advance in French Trade Unionism which, before the strike, was largely confined to the public and semi-public services. It is true that, in the words of the Webbs, " collective bargaining implies, in its fullest development, compulsory Trade Unionism," and the greater part of French labour is still outside the C.G.T.; and, moreover, such bargaining cannot—any more than the forty-hour week—be strictly enforced on the *petits patrons* who hold a particularly important place in French production.

The strike was a vast mass movement of the greatest economic and political importance. But it was run by human beings, not by angels, and a great deal of nonsense has been written about the " puritanism " of the " stay-in " strikes. The French working class is not puritan, and, let us hope, never will be. And it is not true that all the " stay-in " strikers remained either chaste or sober, throughout the " occupations." There were no orgies, and no young girls were " raped," as a Sunday contemporary has been trying to suggest in a masterpiece of Red scare stuff; though I daresay that during the first stay-in strike at Renault's the island on the Seine within the Billancourt works did become for many a couple an *île de Cythère*; and even afterwards, during the second strike, when " iron discipline " was imposed, and the girls were invariably sent home for the night, and when nothing but beer and cider were allowed to enter the premises, plenty of white wine was smuggled in in beer-bottles, and old François, as I was told by one of his mates, used to get roaring drunk every night. The controversy between the austere *Humanité* and La Fouchardière in the *Oeuvre*, who refused to treat the strikers as inhuman paragons of virtue, was like a clash between the old French spirit of Rabelais and Voltaire and a new, dismally disciplined France in the making.

But what is this new France? One has a curious feeling since the strikes that the Third Republic is no longer what it used to be. On the face of it, the Blum Government has simply been carrying out the *Front Populaire* programme; and yet, even to carry out a programme is something new. No Radical Government ever carried out fully its own (even minimum) programme. Blum, assisted, or pushed on, by the strikes, has killed the kind of opportunism which always said " Yes, but not now." But there is something more to it. Thorèz, the Communist leader, has spoken of the " new legality " that is coming into being—a new legality exemplified by the unopposed occupation of the factories and (who knows?) perhaps even by the dissolution of the Croix de Feu. The Croix de Feu have appealed to the Conseil d'Etat against their dissolution, and perhaps they have good juridical reasons for doing so. But that is not the point. The Blum Government felt that it was its duty to defend the Republic against these mischief-makers, and when it declared that " it was not going to be deceived by the so-called transformation of the Croix de Feu into a political party," it showed that it refused to quibble in a matter like this over fine legal points.

The financial and economic difficulties of the Government are considerable; but when, in spite of everything, it refused to devalue, and decided, instead, to impose a more or less complete State control on the Bank of France, and at least a partial control on the private banks, one could not help wondering whether it did not reject devaluation as a piece of " liberal " finance, which would have hampered, rather than helped, the gradual *étatisation* of French finance and economy.

Many of the Radicals are perturbed by the turn things have taken, though most of them will, no doubt, continue to support the Government. The strikes, they fear, will have a disastrous effect on exports and on prices, with the result that the workers will lose in purchasing power what they have gained in wages, which in turn will bring on more labour disputes; they are also perturbed by the revolutionary temper of the workers, particularly in the Paris engineering industry, and by the " stay-in " method; they are perturbed by the " new legality " and by Thorèz' remark that these factories " will, anyway, soon be the property of the workers " (a different note from the respectable patriotic propaganda of the Communist election campaign); they are perturbed by the flag of Soviet France first flown at the Victory Festival at the Buffalo Stadium on June 14th. And some go so far as to say that they joined the *Front Populaire, pour barrer la route au Fascisme*, and not to pave the way for a Red Dictatorship. And even if they do not believe in the Red Dictatorship, they still deplore the end of the " bourgeois legality " of the Third Republic.

Paris is leading the way; but there is one imponderable of which little is yet known, and that is the opinion of provincial France. It is feeling a little puzzled, and is wondering whether the New Deal will succeed. But Paris, at any rate, is prepared to live dangerously, and there is, especially on the Left, a strange feeling of elation that is new in a country whose ambitions were, for only too long, summed up in the word " security "—security in all matters. One may hope that the essential principles of democracy will be observed; but one cannot help smiling when M. de Kerillis and other spokesmen of the " 200 families " who for years have impeded the normal working of democracy in France (when they did not reject it altogether) now shed tears over Blum's alleged disregard for " *le vieux cadre de nos institutions democratiques.*" In short, the Right are furious at the thought that if there must be some form of authoritarian government in France, the Left, and not they, are most likely to set it up.

Paris, June 22nd. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

I CAME back, after a brief but intense spell in Germany, to an England the poorer by the death of G. K. C. Though never an intimate, I cherish the memory of many neighbourly contacts; and among them this: On a summer evening in 1926 Mrs. Chesterton rang me up. Gilbert was bent on an open-air play for their Silver Wedding garden party on Saturday. Could I go along and help, and would I play the part of the True Troubadour? Wouldn't I just! He was waiting on the lawn, chuckling to himself at the play that was to be. The house should be the stage and the setting. The False Troubadours would be able to slink and cower behind that wall. Uncle Poco would put his head out of that window and say something immensely funny. The Princess (his niece) would appear at that staircase window and wring her hands to show she was being held against her will. The True Troubadour (myself) would defy Uncle Poco, knock the False Troubadours about, pipe a brave air, mount by the garden ladder to that low roof, stand on a sugar-box which could be covered with greenery, declaim some appropriate lines to the Princess, bring her in his arms to the ground, rout Uncle Poco and the False Ones; whereon Knight and Lady would be blessed by the Bishop (for Mrs. Chesterton had a mitre which it would be a pity not to use), and so the play would come to a magnificent end amid thunderous applause. Of course it would; I had no doubt of that. But the script? He said, yes, he supposed someone ought to put it down. I said it would be best if he did that. He was doubtful; he said we others had so much more experience of theatricals; but he agreed. By Thursday, when the full cast assembled, he had odd pages of brilliant dialogue ready; but not the verse to be bellowed from the sugar-box. He said he had thought I would prefer to compose my own. I told him I lacked the gift. Not very convinced, he disappeared to his study. Inside ten minutes he was back with The Address of The True Troubadour to His Lady. The only record of it, I am sure, is in my memory; for finding it a tricky piece to learn at such short notice I pinned the one and only copy inside my troubadour's hat—just in case. And where is that hat now? I know it had a cock's feather and a buckle you could hardly tell from silver. I lost the hat and the script, but I retain the verse in my memory:

> I have made you a song like the morning,
> As new as the dew before day;
> Crying loud on the trumpet and scorning
> Such lutes as the popinjays play.
> It shall break beyond daybreak and borrow
> Good news ere it rise up to run;
> For my song is more young than to-morrow,
> To be young, as your face, in the sun.

Not quite the right stuff for open-air declamation, I know: and not G. K. C. at his very best; but how delicate the imagery and the lilt of the hidden rhyme. Needless to tell that the play, if not the declamation, was a roaring success, and came to an end amid thunderous applause.

* * *

I went to Germany to take part in an "International" Conference. I wish somebody would do something about this word "international." The other day I thought I really must have a new atlas. I looked at several, and decided there was one more suited than the others to my purpose and purse; but it is called "An International Atlas of the World": and how can I, finnicky as I am in this regard, bear to handle a book with such a title? For what does "international" mean? What does it add to "An Atlas Of The World"? Nothing. Then there are all those books with such titles as: "Unemployment; an International Problem." You look to see whether the author really thinks unemployment is an international problem. You find he means it is a world-wide problem. Then why say "international"? The Congress in which I took part was declared to be "An International Congress of Local Authorities." A contradiction in terms, of course. The one distinguishing and saving feature of the Congress was that it was not international, but interlocal. It was a World Congress. Then why call it "international"? Oh, just because so few people stop to think what the word of the moment means. A little while ago I was asked was I an internationalist. I said "no"; my desire and hope was to bring and keep together those people in all countries who love their fellow man and hate the doings of the bully and the lout wherever found. "But," said my questioner, "that is what I *mean* by internationalism." So what with one thing and another, I am coming to believe that this unthinking misuse of the word "international" is working much mischief, not only to thought but to action. Perhaps we need a new word.

* * *

Shakespeare had something to say on the subject of "international" conferences. I quoted it to the great assembly at Berlin on the opening day, and they were much impressed by the shrewd insight and deep wisdom of our mighty magician. You will find it in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I, Scene 1. Cleopatra is urging Antony to attend an international conference. He replies in these words:

> Now for the love of love and her soft hours,
> Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh:
> There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
> Without some pleasure now: what sport to-night!

The response to these really rather shocking sentiments was so enthusiastic that it seemed well to remind the assembly that Antony came to a bad end. Conferences can be overdone; but so can their neglect.

* * *

How dull the papers are these days. Perhaps it is the hot weather that makes people refrain from doing or saying anything sensational. Or is it that pressmen can't be bothered to spice and cook and serve hot? We seldom reflect how much we owe to those, criminals and blunderers, who give us our thrills. I remember once being at a swimming gala. It took place in a dock, wide and deep. Benches had been fixed up for the spectators. It was a badly managed and dull affair. No one seemed to know which event was on or who was competing or who had won. Then, just as boredom was at its deepest and everyone was yawning and wishing it were time to go home, a little boy leaned over too far and fell into the water. In an instant that bored crowd was throbbing with excitement. We stood on our benches to see better, we leaned over, we yelled our advice. It was a marvel a hundred more didn't fall in or get pushed in. I had a near shave myself. There were plenty of swimmers on hand, of course, and a boat or two, and the little boy was soon out, dripping wet and very frightened. But we were in a delirium of delight. All the boredom was forgiven and forgotten; it had been a grand afternoon. And I thought to myself: "Well, if the gala was worth a shilling that little boy's tumble was worth half a crown." Yet no one thought to go round with the hat.

* * *

Notice displayed in a large hotel in Bucharest. "Gentlemen are Requested to be Back in their Rooms before Morning."

JOHN HILTON

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Lieut.-Col. H. P. Garwood.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

In a play given by the Rover Scouts, of the Blackpool Woodcraft Scout Group . . . was a phrase "Come back afterwards, if you like, for half an hour's jaw and a cup of coffee . . . or if you like it, a glass of beer." A member of the audience left the hall where the play was being performed as a protest. Later protests were made to the Boy Scout Association.—*Daily Sketch.*

A friend of mine to my surprise came back from Germany an ardent Hitlerite. His explanation was, "All the time I was there I did not see a single woman with a painted face. Hitler has stopped all that."—Dean Inge in *Evening Standard.*

If further maintenance of sanctions would serve no useful purpose there is a danger that to attempt them would only bring disorder into what are at present the well-ordered ranks of the League countries imposing sanctions.—Mr. Eden in Foreign Policy Debate in the House of Commons.

A case which was expected to last all day was in progress at Oldham Police Court to-day when the chairman, Mr. G. Gleeson, exclaimed: "It is not fair. There are three colleagues on the Bench, and one is asleep."

Ald. E. Bardsley, who was on the chairman's right, retorted: "I was not asleep."

Mr. Gleeson: "It is not the first time it has happened."

Ald. Bardsley: "Because I lean back it does not mean that I am asleep."

Mr. Gleeson: "You were snoring. You did it the other week. It is not fair to the defendant."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"There will be war. Get your young people out hunting, because when it comes hunting people will find themselves together and fight for England."—Mrs. Gordon, wife of Colonel R. Gordon, former Master of Hurworth Hunt, receiving gifts from the Hunt at Northallerton.—Reported in *Daily Sketch.*

FORTY HOURS

WHILE the assembled nations at Geneva have been debating about the forty-hour week, the French workers have acted; and, because of their action, one Government is pledged to an immediate adoption of the shorter working day. It is, no doubt, still necessary to settle how the forty-hour week shall be applied in France to the conditions of different industries, and there may be trouble yet before the new system is brought into force over industry as a whole. But M. Blum's Government has definitely taken the plunge, when all others have at most hovered on the brink; and the French employers have apparently been taken so much aback by the spontaneous outburst of working-class feeling as to put up, so far, only a faint squeak of protest.

Obviously, the remarkable victory of the French strikers will not be without its repercussions in other countries in which Trade Unionism exists as an organised force. For years now there has been plenty of talk about the forty-hour week, both as a natural corollary of the increasing productivity of labour and as a means of sharing out the work in face of widespread unemployment. The International Labour Organisation has approached the problem largely from the latter point of view, presumably because this has seemed the least unhopeful way of advancing towards international action. There is, however, no doubt that in the minds of most working-class upholders of the reform, the other aspect is dominant. The workers in many countries are clamouring to-day for the forty-hour week, just as their predecessors of a century ago were clamouring for the ten-hour, or sometimes for the eight-hour, day, as a new standard rendered possible by the advance in technical efficiency and productive power. The demand for leisure is made to-day in a more advanced form; but it is the same demand as Parliament in this country went some way to meet when, after a long struggle, the Ten Hours Bill became law in 1847.

If the workers' case for shorter hours is the same now as it was a century ago, so are the employers' objections of precisely the same order. Just as Nassau Senior protested on behalf of the early Victorian men of "abstinence" that all the profit was made out of the "last hour," and that any reduction in working hours would involve the ruin of the capitalists and the unemployment of the workers whom they would no longer be able to employ, so to-day the employers in almost all countries—with the British Government faithfully backing them up—are protesting that their businesses will be destroyed if the hours of labour are further reduced. They have persistently obstructed the ratification by their Governments even of the forty-eight hour convention adopted at Washington in 1919; and they are, of course, still more hostile to the "chimerical idea" that hours can be reduced to as few as forty without sheer disaster overtaking the capitalist system. International competition, they say, puts it out of the question for any one country to act alone; and there is no chance, they tell us, of the leading countries acting together with Japan and Germany outside the League, with Italy in a non-co-operative mood, and with the United States hampered by its constitution from making any convention effective, even were the American Government favourable to the project.

There is, moreover, the question of wages as well as that of hours. Many employers would have no objection to reducing the hours of labour, if they were to be allowed to make a proportionate reduction in wage-rates and to leave piecework prices unaffected by the change. But the Trade Union claim is, essentially, that hours shall be reduced without any corresponding fall in actual earnings; and in the countries where Trade Unionism is strong, the workers would undoubtedly put up a stiff fight against any proposal for sharing the earnings as well as reducing the length of the working week. The Italians, who were among the original sponsors of the forty-hour week proposal at Geneva, favoured the notion almost purely as a "work-sharing" project, and never proposed to carry it into effect without a reduction in wages. But in the non-Fascist countries in which Trade Unionism is alive, the working-class leaders have no intention of leaving wages to look after themselves when the hours of work are curtailed. They value leisure for their members; but they also realise that for most people the enjoyment of leisure is apt to be an expensive matter, and that the worker, when he gets more time to himself, will demand more purchasing power as well, because leisure is not really leisure, but merely absence of work, unless a man has in his pocket the means of enjoying it. The demand for more leisure is actually at the same time a demand for higher wages; and this makes it doubly formidable from the employers' point of view.

In France, where labour costs are already high because the franc is overvalued, the new Government of the *Front Populaire* is now busy simultaneously raising money wages and reducing working hours. This, the older economists complain, must mean the disappearance of French exports from the world market—at any rate until the balance has been reduced by devaluation of the franc, or in the alternative by a rigid control for foreign exchange, which will in any event soon raise prices so as to annihilate the workers' money gains. French industry, we are told, can barely compete now in the world market; and how will things be when the costs of production—which are too high already—are raised yet further as a sequel to the surrender to popular clamour by M. Blum and his supporters?

It cannot be denied that the employers have a case. It is difficult to believe that certain French industries can stand the additional labour costs of the forty-hour week without devaluation or its equivalent; and it is difficult to believe that Great Britain could introduce a general forty-hour week without losing some part of her existing foreign trade unless her leading competitors were to make something like equivalent reductions. It is difficult to believe that the forty-hour week can be, for any one country in the absence of corresponding action by other countries, any sort of cure for unemployment, if it is to be introduced under conditions which guarantee the maintenance of the existing level of money-earnings. It is also difficult to believe in the possibility of simultaneous action in the chief competing countries as a group, even if the I.L.O. does in the end succeed in voting a convention by a majority sufficient to secure its adoption as a recommended international standard.

But, difficult as these things are, the case for the forty-hour week remains very strong. It will be monstrous if the fruits of rapidly increasing productivity are to be, not an ampler leisure and a higher living standard, but the persistence of widespread unemployment even at seasons of relative economic prosperity; and it is scant consolation to the workers to be told that the outcome is unavoidable because no nation can

afford to move ahead of the others, however rapidly the general productivity may improve. Nor must it be forgotten that in many industries the failure to introduce a shorter working week involves positive retrogression, because the new highly mechanised factories set the workers a hotter and hotter pace, and thus in effect cram more labour into each nominal working hour. Someone has to make a step forward, if all are not to step back.

In France this step is now being made; and the effect will unquestionably be to make the workers in other countries, including Great Britain, a good deal more insistent on the shorter working week than they have shown themselves hitherto. Shorter hours will be demanded more and more, not as a cure for unemployment, but for their own sake; and with them will come increasing mechanisation and speeding up, whether their effect is to reduce unemployment or not. Industry will adapt its methods to the forty-hour week, as in the past it adapted them successively to the ten-, the nine-, and the eight-hour day. The country that moves ahead of others will, as a consequence, weaken its competing power in some directions. But it may well increase it in others, as a result of more intensive methods of manufacture. And, on the whole, the example of shorter hours will be contagious, and at least a part of the gains recorded in one country will be communicated to others.

It is doubtless true that mechanisation can be intensified and hourly output increased far more readily in some industries than in others, and that accordingly the adoption of the forty-hour week will tend to raise relative costs in the less easily adaptable trades. But that is no reason at all for not going ahead; for the same argument could have been brought forward against every increase in wages or leisure that has been conceded since the Industrial Revolution. British industry will doubtless encounter difficulties in adapting itself to the new standard; but we hope that it will very soon find itself compelled to face these difficulties.

If this is to happen, clearly the move must come from the workers themselves. The British Government has steadily obstructed every move in the direction of a shorter working week, whether it has been mooted at Geneva or at home. The employers, apart from a very few highly mechanised concerns, will make no voluntary concession. If the British workers want the forty-hour week, they will have to strike for it, as the French have just struck, using industrial pressure as the means of enforcing political concession. The French workers had indeed the immeasurable advantage of a friendly Government, strong with the prestige of a recent electoral triumph. But does anyone suppose that they would have secured the forty-hour week, plus advances in wages, without striking for them, even with a friendly Government in power? The British workers perhaps cannot expect to secure similar concessions, even by striking, while an unfriendly Government remains in office. But is not that one reason the more for adding Trade Union pressure to the other influences that are threatening to turn out Mr. Baldwin and his team of drifters and reactionaries? The forty-hour week is a slogan capable of rallying a powerful agitation behind it.

DEGRADED ANIMALS

THE word "progress" is in such constant use nowadays that it might be well to consider from time to time precisely in what direction this much-boasted advance is taking place. As regards the members of the animal world at least one is forced to admit that we have both exalted and degraded them. In a relatively few number of years the wolf and the wild horse have become our obedient servants, the thin and stringy jungle fowl has been converted into an efficient meat-producing and egg-laying machine, whilst within little more than a century, the ox has been improved almost beyond recognition. Although many similar examples might be quoted to our credit, it is well to face up to the other side of the picture, since the thoughtful observer of any dog or poultry show may well ask himself "where are we going?"—and be forced to find no encouraging answer to that question.

No madness is too grotesque when committed in the name of fashion. The more malleable an animal is proved to be, the more has it suffered from man's perverted ingenuity. By intensive breeding and selection we have speeded up evolution to a pace far exceeding Nature, but whereas Nature's wildest experiments have taken millions of years to prosecute and have, in most cases, tended to some rational end, many of man's efforts at "creation" have but degraded both himself and the animals concerned. The dog, for example, is wax in the hands of man and has suffered accordingly. On the one hand it has been fashioned into such useful forms as the wolf-hound, sheep dog, etc., and on the other has been twisted and tortured into a series of nightmare deformities. In the bulldog, the pekinese, the King Charles spaniel and the pug, the face has been so shortened that its unhappy owner is a constant prey to catarrhal and nasal disorders. Fashion in the dog world knows neither rhyme nor reason, and once the breeder decides to develop some feature every canon of humanity and common sense goes by the board. The borzoi, for example, intended to hunt by sight, has had its nose "improved" until this organ interferes with its range of vision. Canine hair has been exaggerated until such half-blinded atrocities as the Skye terrier have resulted. In the opposite extreme are the hairless dogs of China and Mexico. These are virtually bald from nose to tail, apart from a few bristles on the face and between the toes. In accordance also with a curious corollary which seems to exist between hair and teeth, the dental equipment of these animals has similarly atrophied. The only useful purpose that these repellent "improvements" serve would appear to lie in the fact that the Chinese hairless dogs are eaten, whilst their Mexican counterparts are trained to lie motionless at the bottom of the bed, there in cold weather to serve as hot water bottles for the comfort of their masters' feet.

Much as we have done in this country to degrade the members of the canine race, it must be admitted that other nations have done little better with some quite different animals. The Japanese waltzing mice, for instance, are the result of deliberately perpetuating what was originally a form of mental disease. Modern waltzing mice, though technically healthy, are, like their ancestors, prone to waltz dizzily at the most unseasonable moments, and if permitted to indulge this unnatural trait upon a rough surface, will wear down their feet to stumps. East of Suez also, the Oriental love of fat has produced such extraordinary creatures as the fat-rumped and fat-tailed sheep. The former appears as though wearing a cushion lashed to its stern, whilst the latter has such a wildly extravagant caudal appendage that it must actually be supported by a small wheeled carriage harnessed to its unfortunate owner.

Birds have suffered equally with mammals in the race to produce something novel without consideration for their outline or body. Many modern breeds of pigeon, for example, are recognisable as birds only by their beaks and feathers. The modern "dragoon" carries upon its bill huge fleshy protuberances; the "fan-tail" is forced to gaze for ever skywards; the "swallow" has such vast foot coverings that it can scarcely walk; whilst finally, the "tumbler" is obliged to perform unending aerial acrobatics whether it so desires or otherwise.

Poultry have fared little better. What beauty, one wonders, can anybody see in the bare-necked fowls of France or the grotesquely headed "loudan" whose head has been made to resemble an enormous billiard ball? Even more inane is the so-called longtailed fowl of Japan. In this bird, the cock's tail coverts may, in some extreme cases, measure nearly twenty feet in length, such triumphs of the breeder's art being kept in high cages and only permitted exercise when a human train-bearer is available to support their extravagant finery.

Wildest of all fashion's whims are the numerous abnormal breeds of fancy goldfish, which for countless centuries, have

been admired in both China and Japan. These strains, now popular in Europe and America, are often the result of originally keeping the fish under insalubrious conditions, the monsters produced as a result being perpetuated by "judicious selection." Thus, while the comet-tailed and veil-tailed varieties offer unquestionable attractions, others should have nothing to commend them. The lion-headed goldfish suggests mumps, the egg fish has had its fins all but eliminated, and the "tumbler" literally tumbles and swims with the greatest difficulty due to an inherited spinal curvature. Most repellent of all are the "telescopic-eyed" or "star-gazing" varieties in which the organs of vision are so large and protuberant as sometimes to part company with the head.

With these examples in mind, one is constrained to ask what are the limitations of tortured Nature in the hands of man. The limitations are happily many, and one need go no further for examples than the so-called domestic cat. For some reason, not easily explained, the cat has defied most of the efforts of the fashionable breeder. Apart from differences of colour and quality of fur, the innumerable breeds of cat differ very little in fundamentals. Except for the Manx cat of our own country and the hairless cat of China—neither of which mercifully are abundant—the cat, as Kipling has said, "walks by himself." May he long continue to do so!

E. G. BOULENGER

Correspondence

IMPERIALISM—KENYA VARIETY

SIR,—A cursory review of British colonial policy in Africa since the Great War will confirm the observations made in the leading article entitled "Imperialism—Old Style and New," in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of June 20th.

The history of native policy in Kenya, especially in regard to the land question, affords a classical example of the general worsening of the economic, political and social condition of Kenya Africans. In this letter we shall attempt briefly to review the land question, for around this issue revolves all the trials, burdens, hardships and sufferings of the subject races in East Africa. For notwithstanding various promises made to Africans by the Imperial Government, there still exists land hunger among these indigenous races.

An eminent agricultural authority, writing to the *Times* from a first-hand acquaintance with Kenya's land problems, says that "the area scheduled for white settlement is but 7,000,000 acres out of a total of 144,000,000 acres." He then goes on to state that "land hunger is the chief cause of tribal unrest and the gravest problem confronting the Administration." One is tempted to ask why this should be so, if the best part of 144,000,000 acres was at the disposal of 3,000,000 natives, giving a distribution of land per head of population three times that of Nigeria.

The truth is, more than half of Kenya's 144,000,000 acres is made up of arid desert or semi-desert tracts. Turkana and the Northern Frontier Province (not to mention the Taru Desert), the areas chiefly comprised, support only a very scattered semi-nomadic population (144,000); and drought and famine are such a regular feature that the Hut and Poll Tax is generally collected there at a lower rate than in the other parts of the colony. Nevertheless, it is noteworthy that it is these very areas that are shown in the Morris Carter Land Commission Report as "D Area (subject to Native Priority Interest)," i.e., intended to meet the future needs of an expanding native population, which, incidentally, is a striking example of the value of the assurances of the "men-on-the-spot."

The African Handbook (1935) gives the total of native reserves, in 1933, as 48,345 square miles, or about 31,000,000 acres. Here are herded together the bulk of 3,000,000 people having among them, at the end of 1933, 4,965,963 head of cattle, 2,960,827 sheep, and 4,321,543 goats. Not without reason, soil erosion was inevitable under the circumstances, in view of the limited scientific knowledge of husbandry among the natives.

On the other hand, there were 4,700 Europeans, holding among them at the end of 1935, 5,206,264 acres of the most eligible land in the colony, some of it originally granted to them free of all cost in 5,000-acre blocks, the bulk held on 999-year leases on merely nominal terms. Thirty years after the country was opened up for white settlement, and with the total white population at 17,620, less than 12 per cent. of this land was under cultivation (Europeans held at the end of 1933, 256,157 head of cattle, and 252,250 sheep). The natives, who were pushed out of a large part of this alienated land to accommodate the Europeans, are to-day crowded in reserves with a density ranging from 165 to 1,100 to the square mile.

The necessity to earn money is a corollary of the whole land question, for being landless, natives are unable to maintain an independent existence. They are, therefore, forced to go and work in the mines and on the farms owned by settlers or vested interests, in order to obtain money to pay their Hut, Head and other taxes, not only for themselves but also for their dependants. Even those Africans who can find a piece of land within the native reserves are not allowed to cultivate economic crops, such as coffee, which would enable them to find a ready market and thereby obtain their tax money. And, owing to the difficulty of earning money otherwise, the natives are compelled to work at rates of wages which their masters decide. For example, in Kenya, natives are compelled to work for Europeans for a period of no less than 180 days per annum.

For years Kenya Africans, despite tremendous difficulties placed in their way by the local administration and settlers' communities, have been agitating to have their grievances redressed. Several Royal Commissions have been appointed to investigate their grievances. Several deputations have been sent to Whitehall. Promises have been made. Pledges have been given, only to be broken whenever it suited the interests of the ruling power. Readers will recall that in 1930, the Imperial Government instructed the Kenya Legislative Council to pass a Native Lands Trust Ordinance, which declared:

> Primarily Kenya is an African territory, and His Majesty's Government think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be paramount, and that if, and when, those interests and the interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former should prevail.

However, two years later, gold having been discovered within the native reserves, all these solemn pledges were conveniently forgotten, and the Kenya Government passed a Bill through the Legislative Council amending the Ordinance of 1930 and entitling them to alienate the lands, which have since been granted to mining companies, to be exploited not in the interests of African peoples but of European capitalists. The indignation which this betrayal has aroused can be judged from the following resolution adopted by a United Front meeting held at Kiambasa on May 9th, 1936, composed of chiefs, headmen, tribesmen, women and youths representing all the Kikuyu communities:

> 1. That this Baraza (meeting) requests the Government that instead of giving compensation in money, it should, where the owners of Githaka in question have been dispossessed be given equivalent lands, and, where the owners are still living on their lands they should not be disturbed, but Government should take some steps *to refund the money to the purchaser.*
>
> 2. That instead of the Government giving compensation to various Local Native Councils, they should buy back the lands occupied by the Europeans who are living in the midst of the Kikuyu Reserve.

And now, to add insult to injury, the Government proposes to establish "white reserves," that is to say, the highland regions occupied by the Europeans will be closed forever against Africans and other non-European races. If the proposed Order-in-Council is put into effect, any European or American, as long as he or she is white, will have the right to buy or keep lands in the best and healthiest parts of Kenya, while coloured British peoples, be they Africans or Indians, will be denied such a right. Such a policy will be in fundamental contradiction to the policy enunciated by Lord Derby on behalf of Queen Victoria: "that there shall not be in the eyes of the law any distinction or disqualification whatever founded upon mere distinction of colour, origin or creed, but the protection of the law in word and substance should be extended impartially to all alike."

Recent events throughout Africa—Gold Coast anti-sedition legislation, forced labour laws; increased taxation in Northern Rhodesia, culminating in the bloody suppression of the copper miners; encroachment upon the land, repressive forms of legislature in Southern Rhodesia on the lines of those in the Union of South Africa; the encroachment upon the franchise rights of the few Bantu and coloured people who have hitherto enjoyed the vote in the Cape; the threat by the Union Government, in connivance with the Dominions Office to annex the Protectorates

of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland, and finally the betrayal, by the National Government, of Abyssinia—have all served to undermine the confidence of Africans and other subject races in British Imperial statesmen.

We, therefore, hope that the British people, especially those who believe in justice and fair play, will raise their voice in protest against the repressive policy which the Imperial Government is applying in dealing with their African wards. It is time for the people in Britain to realise that all is not well in the colonies. Even the most elementary democratic rights: freedom of speech, freedom of movement, freedom of the Press, the right to organisation and collective bargaining—all of which are considered the inalienable rights of Britons—are denied to native races.

Africans have no more faith in the promises and pledges of those who speak in the name of His Majesty's Government. Only the fair-minded and justice-loving people in England can rescue the Africans from their present conditions of servitude and oppression.

95 Cambridge Street, S.W.1. J. KENYATTA (Gen. Sec., The Kikuyu Central Association)

THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—The letter in your columns from Mr. D. M. Fraser on the Popular Front in Britain, was signed by him as secretary of the 1936 Fabian Group.

It is important that it be made clear that Mr. Fraser's views are not those of the Fabian Society. At the Society's Annual General Meeting on the 11th of this month, I moved a resolution that the Communist Party be allowed to affiliate to the Labour Party. This resolution was carried by a three-to-one majority. Mr. Cole's opinions are apparently more representative of the Fabian Society's than Mr. Fraser's. F. MEDDINGS

Tavistock Residential Club, Ltd., 37 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

SIR,—Mr. Cole is quite right in pointing out that there can be no question in this country of a slavish imitation of the *Front Populaire* in France. He seems to me, however, to underestimate the urgency and importance of achieving some alignment of progressive forces in Britain.

Mr. Cole rightly draws attention later on to the growing influence of the Communist Party within the working-class movement. Is he not aware that there has been a similar growth in the influence of Fascist ideology at the other end of the political scale? Both these developments are reactions to the futility of (nominally) democratic Governments—past and present. They are also reflections of the sense of danger and insecurity both with regard to the peace of the world and the social and economic circumstances of our time. As long as war is staved off and artificial "prosperity" is maintained, these forces will remain relatively quiescent. But when the dangers of war and economic regression become more acute they will burst forth into political maturity. The rigid tyranny of Fascism will be adopted by the "realists" among our ruling class, not as a desirable social philosophy, but as an obvious necessity for the maintenance of "order" and "discipline" in the nation. If that situation develops *before* the progressive forces of the Centre and the "Left" are united, the "liberal-minded" people, who might have joined forces with us to avoid it, will be of no more importance to the proletariat than so many jelly-fish. The day of the moderate will be over.

How then, can these dangers be averted and the forces of democracy and progress be united for the defence of our present liberties and the achievement of a reasonable programme of immediate demands? There are two ways which might be considered.

(1) It has been suggested that the Labour Party might accept Communist and other affiliations to create working-class unity and at the same time invite the Liberal and liberal-minded elements to enter the Party with full membership rights on the basis of a limited programme.

(2) On the other hand, the Labour Party might take the initiative and invite the Liberal Party, the Communist Party, the I.L.P., the Council of Action, the Next Five Years Group, and other such bodies to join in the creation of a Co-ordinating Committee for the Progressive Front. This co-ordinating committee could settle the programme of demands, arrange the allocation of constituencies on an agreed basis, and mobilise united support under the auspices of similar co-ordinating bodies in each constituency.

The first method seems to me unwise, and unworkable. It involves the surrender by the Labour Party of its right and duty to advocate its full Socialist doctrine. It asks the Liberal Party to commit political suicide, and it would result in a crippling and uncomfortable compromise in which no one would be happy. The question of working-class unity is a separate issue which need not be discussed here.

The second method would preserve the freedom and integrity of each party or group to preach its own social philosophy. It would be a frank and open temporary alliance for a specific purpose. I am not suggesting that such an arrangement would be easy to make. The number of candidatures, the choice of constituencies, the allocation of finance, as well as the formulation of the programme, would present great difficulties. But these difficulties are not insuperable. If our progressive leaders are really conscious of their grave responsibility in this decisive period, the difficulties could be overcome. If, however, they fail in this task which history has prepared for them, they will not be able to escape responsibility for the dreadful consequences which history will have in store for the common people who look to them for leadership. ALLAN YOUNG

10 Brookland Rise, N.W.11.

SIR,—Mr. G. D. H. Cole seems to me to have missed one very important point. He shows that the possibility of a parliamentary Popular Front does not yet exist in England, but that at the same time the Labour Party needs allies if it is to achieve victory before the hope of victory disappears. He looks to the Communists and to the Liberals as potential allies. But he forgets to look at the most important ally which the Labour Party could have, namely, the mass of the working class in Britain. It is here that the material for a Popular Front is to be found.

A Popular Front, as its name implies, must develop from the people; it cannot be imposed from above. In France itself it was the pressure from below and the local struggles for working-class unity that gave the impetus to the *Front Populaire*, just as it is the strike movement and the will of the workers that is giving the impetus to the present Socialist Government in France.

As Mr. Cole himself says, "what is needed now is not a party but a crusade." If the Labour Party would lead in all localities the widest and strongest crusade for peace, for friendship with the U.S.S.R., and for the economic demands which Mr. Cole suggests; if it could do this in a united effort with the Communist Party and the I.L.P. and all other parties or individuals willing to support the concrete programme of demands, it could regain once more the confidence of the working class upon which its ultimate success depends, and could advance on the crest of a mighty popular movement to sweep out of office the hesitating gambling Government that at present holds the strings of power.

SOCIALIST

ACCIDENTS AND COMPENSATION

SIR,—I wish to confirm the points made by your contributor on "Accidents and Compensation." My experience has been with the neurotic sequelae of failure to approach the treatment of traumas correctly. Not only is there a lack of appreciation by employers of the value of rehabilitation therapy but there is also, as yet, no appreciation of preventive measures, such as proper training of personnel, managers, foremen and the workers. There is still prevalent a *laisser-faire* attitude, despite the voluminous literature on "choosing and training workers." The problems of accident-prevention and treatment are closely related to the wider problem of the "care and supervision of the mental and physical health of workers." The proper provision of financial compensation, without exposing workers to the degradations of legal action, is a step in the right direction. The Labour Party have, unsuccessfully so far, been trying to alter the Workmen's Compensation Act so as to eliminate unnecessary legal actions.

In our desire to correct faults in the working of the Workmen's Compensation Act, there is a danger of overlooking equally urgent matters. The present organisation of health services for workers needs radical alteration. One could fill several pages on the overlapping, which exists at present. Several experts, all doing similar supervision, exist; no co-ordination between their supervisions is at present possible. The Industrial Medical Officer overlaps with the Medical Officer of Health. The I.M.O. clashes with the panel practitioner. There is still in spite of available numbers of medical experts rushed examinations and speeded-up therapy, both below possible standards of efficiency. The urgent

need is co-ordinated service and so the most efficient use of all available forms of diagnostic techniques and therapies. In this way the employers will be made to appreciate the value of recent advances, such as rehabilitation therapies. The new approach to the medical problems of sick and injured workers will influence the working of the W.C.A. This approach to the problem of compensation and accidents will be more fruitful than where the problem is isolated. PSYCHOTHERAPIST

CENSORSHIP IN INDIA

SIR,—We have heard from time to time of the Government of India's censorship of Left literature. Also there has been occasionally news of the imposition of press restrictions, penalising even the publication of speeches in the Legislative Assembly. Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Allen and Unwin, Wishart Books, Ltd., and several other publishers have protested against the banning of comparatively harmless books, published by them. And the experience of various Indian students who had to deliver up the prescribed text-books of the University of London at Bombay Customs has found echoes in your columns.

It would seem, however, that the official enactments of the Government of India are being misinterpreted by over-zealous Customs officials, because not only have they been for some time seizing any books or pamphlets about the old or the new Russia, but even such novels as *Anna Karenina* and *The Brothers Karamazov* have not escaped their attentions. The confiscation of *New Indian Literature*, the magazine of the *Indian Progressive Writers' Association*, would therefore hardly come as a surprise. And yet it contained nothing more offensive than the word "Progressive" in the draft of the *Manifesto*, which a number of young Indian poets, scholars, novelists and artists had drawn up.

It seems to us, who stand for the right of free expression and thought in this country, that this attempt of the Government of India to stifle every expression of artistic and cultural value is nothing less than a denial of the elementary rights of individuals to indulge in purely intellectual curiosity and we protest strongly against this illegal stoppage in the post of material that has not been officially penalised by the Government of India.

HERBERT READ ERIC GILL
HAROLD LASKI MONTAGUE SLATER
E. M. FORSTER MULK RAJ ANAND
EDGELL RICKWARD

7 Woburn Buildings, W.C.1.

VIBRATION ON THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

SIR,—May I trespass on your space to suggest that something should be done to moderate the excessive vibration of the new electric trains upon the Southern Railway? People differ very much, of course, in their sensitiveness to vibration, but I think I shall find a large number of your readers in agreement with me when I say that the conditions on the new electrified line south of London have become hardly tolerable for them—at any rate, for those of them who do concentrated head-work. Those of us who live upon such a line have no choice but to endure it as best we may, until some remedy is found—but that a remedy should be found is hardly to be questioned. We hear that the system is to be extended: it already includes distances as great as from London to the sea-coast at Brighton and Worthing; and as it spreads the evil will increase. It will be for an expert to say whether that evil is principally due to the too-great lightness of the metal carriages, or the lack of some buffer material between the electric engines and the fabric of the carriages—or from whatever other cause or causes combined. Anyhow, as things are, the vibration of which I write makes all work in the train impossible, adds very heavily to fatigue, and will, I think, in the long run have a bad effect upon health for many who use the electrified line regularly. The public has no control nowadays over public services, but a sufficient volume of protest might have some effect.

Kings Land, Shipley, Horsham. H. BELLOC

MILK CONSUMPTION

SIR,—Your comment in your last week's issue on "Milk and Profits" shows that you are not aware of what is at present taking place. You say "Little or nothing has been done to increase milk consumption among other sections of the community" apart from school children.

This Council, representing the producing and the distributing sides of the Dairy Industry, has in recent years done much to stimulate milk consumption. By lectures and demonstrations, for which it has a staff of nearly fifty, by the distribution of publicity matter and indeed by all the means known to modern publicity, it has embarked on what it realises is a long and uphill task. Jointly with the Milk Marketing Board, who receive a subsidy, it has run for the last two years a large Press and Poster Campaign.

As interesting as any form of its work is its endeavour to introduce milk into industry, just as in 1927 it introduced milk into schools and so inaugurated the milk in schools scheme. Three years ago it commenced its work in this field by introducing milk into mines and factories and offices. In three years this work has grown till now it has a steadily increasing consumption of 52,000 gallons a month, directly due to its efforts.

This is a very brief survey of the Council's work, but it will, I hope, help to correct the erroneous impression given by your note.

National Milk A. D. ALLEN
Publicity Council (Inc.),
33 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

[We were not unaware of the Milk Publicity Council's efforts. But the amount of success which our correspondent records is, in any case, quite trifling by comparison with what might be achieved by Government action, and it was to the Government's inaction that our criticism was directed.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LEFT-WINGISM

SIR,—Your critic, Mr. Brian Howard, tells us that to be acquainted with Fascism is to become "Leftwing," if you are "intelligent, fair-minded and observant." As for the author of *Left Wings Over Europe*, he, I gather, is not so much stupid, unobservant, and factious, as extremely perverse. He is one of those people who are always "again the Government": and so, because all other writers in England are Left-wing, he just goes Right-wing to be in opposition. This, if I do not flatter myself too much, is the only way of accounting for anyone a bit better than a village idiot not being in the ordinary course of things Left-wing.

But, to start with, is not this "Wing" business rather nonsense? "Left-wing" has come to mean "a friend of Russia"—or a man for whom the *ultimate* authority in matter of Socialist doctrine, though usually he does not call himself a Communist, is to be sought in the text of Marx: the immense propagandist machine of Soviet imperialism—in this instance I mean the *intellectual* colonisation, as it were, of Western Europe—has overwhelmed everything else. We have all had impressed on us, before we knew it, a choice between two far too simple arbitrary opposites. And I for one categorically refuse to accept this as an alternative that has any meaning. It is possible to be "intelligent and fair-minded" without being "Left-wing," and all that that tiresome label implies of conformity with the Marxist, the "catastrophic," solution for the present chaos in the world. As to being "observant"—it is quite impossible to be "observant" and to remain Left-wing for long. But, of course, when you cease to be lazily, blissfully and dutifully "Left-wing," you do not automatically become a member of the Herrenklub or Carlton, or anything that can logically be described as Right-wing; you do not of necessity forthwith swallow at one jingo gulp all that is stood for by the Union Jack. But probably you do begin talking "stuff" and "bosh" (in Mr. Howard's words) about the "Left-wing" and all its works, and trying to undermine in a mild way what you regard as its unimaginative, naive and arbitrary orthodoxy.

It is quite possible, for instance, to consider the French civil servant or factory worker as more than justified in striking to wring a fairer standard of life out of Big Business, without going all mushy at the thought of Soviet state-capitalism—where there are no strikes, I believe I am right in saying, and where dissatisfaction with your lot is violently discouraged. It is even possible to see no great difference between Big Business and the Soviet System, except that the latter is more efficient, and run ostensibly as a charity organisation, for the "good" of the governed. And as for the great problem of war, which was the subject of *Left Wings Over Europe*, to assume khaki in order to die in defence of Soviet Imperialism may be regarded as a very foolish proceeding, without it following that other imperialisms, nearer home, make a very great appeal to the person in question.

In short, these matters are really not quite so simple as Mr. Howard would pretend. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Miscellany

MAXIM GORKI

IT is hard to realise now what a bombshell Gorki's first books seemed on their publication at the end of last century. We had had "realism" before. There had been Zola; there had been Tolstoy's *Powers of Darkness;* yet Gorki's *Twenty-six Men and a Girl* and *Creatures that once were Men* had a violent success which made him for a time the most discussed of Russian authors. This was partly due to the fact that he was Russian. Till then Russian literature for most English readers meant Turgenev's lovely, classic novels, Dostoevsky's troubled, passionate studies in psychology (available only in bad translations), or Tolstoy's titanic masterpieces and exquisite parables. Few read Pushkin, or Goncharov, Gogol or Ostrovsky. For the English Russia, as mirrored in her books, was a country of mysticism, ideals, of strange religious aspirations and fanatical political movements. Gorki smashed that picture. Here was a man who wrote plainly of brutal things and brutal people; and, as he declared afterwards, was an enemy to any sentimental view of the moujik, and at the opposite pole from Dostoevsky's idealisation of mystical mother Russia.

He was not, however, a simple naturalist—if indeed any artist has ever attained that cold, objective ideal. It was clear enough from his first successful novel, *Foma Gordyeff*, that for him too man was symbolic. He played for a while with the philosophy of Nietzsche, and was apt to ascribe a peculiar virtue to the criminal, the outcast and the hopeless, seeing in them the expectation of a new revolution. Long before his death he worked away from that opinion, and had for all men, apart from their creed, their politics, their position or their class an affection which ranks him rather with Rousseau and Dickens:

> To me man is always the conqueror, even when he is mortally wounded and dying. . . . I felt that I did sincerely and actively love man—him who is at present alive and working side by side with me, and him, too, the sensible, the good, the strong, who will follow after in the future.

Here he differed widely from Tolstoy who, loving mankind and worshipping a symbolic moujik, did not conspicuously love men and women as individuals; and in his recollection of Tolstoy Gorki can be seen struggling against that profound disgust which in Tolstoy fought for a place beside his equally profound joy in every manifestation of life.

This natural, exuberant and sincere liking for his fellow-creatures is the greatest quality in Gorki's best work. That is to be found, not in the short stories—admirable as many of them are—nor in the novels, which are turgid and rather formless; but in his recollections of fellow-authors, especially of Tolstoy and Leonid Andreyev, and in his great auto-biographical masterpiece, *My Universities*. The son of an upholsterer, Gorki, whose youth was spent in various activities strange to most men of letters, never confined his interests to any one class, or to any one time. He had a passion for knowledge; among his heroes in the remote past was that odd bishop Synesius, whom English readers know through Kingsley's *Hypatia*, and among those of his own time a remarkable parish priest, Father Feodor of Arzamas, who wore himself out in the effort to get a decent water supply for that remote town, to which Gorki was once exiled. So when the Revolution came, and his friend Lenin was at the head of affairs, Gorki threw his lot in with the Bolsheviks, and endeavoured to save culture from and for the Revolution. He gave help to artists, irrespective of their political colour, for he believed, as he wrote, that the wall which divided men of diverse opinions "was transparent and permeable."

> Differences of outlook ought not to affect sympathies, and I never gave theories and opinions a decisive rôle in my relations to people.

He could understand the point of view of that strange reactionary, still underestimated, V. V. Rozanov, and I doubt if he would ever have excluded from his House of Scholars any except the pure, pretentious, withdrawn aesthete. For Gorki the artist was representative, as representative as he was, say, to John Keats. I do not know that one could find a better description of this Russian genius than the words which, in *Hyperion*, Keats uses to describe the dreamers:

> those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest.

For the artist there is no possibility of a direct, simple acceptance either of joy or pain. He is, to quote Keats again, a fever of himself and

> venoms all his days
> Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve.

Yet by the exercise of his art he can, if he is not morbidly delighting in self-torture, work the venom out. It was Gorki's privilege to live in a time which gave him rare opportunity for bringing his dreams to fruition: there was pain in those days, and horror and cruelty, but he worked with passion and freedom in expectation of the day when the creatures that once were men should be men again. R. ELLIS ROBERTS

DESIGN AND THE STAGE

PAINTING and sculpture have no existence without someone to look at them; the theatre has no existence without an audience. And yet in how few plays produced in London in the last year has intelligent consideration been paid to the effect upon that audience of the visual presentation. In two extremes, the big venue, where money may be of no object, and such theatres as Sadlers' Wells or The Gate, where none is available, the English stage sometimes shows that it is conscious of this importance of the set. In between stretches the arid waste of the commercial theatre, where something the equivalent of house-decoration takes the place of stage-designing and such names as Appia are presumably unknown. The commercial point of view is no doubt that 90 per cent. of the audience don't care, but it isn't any more expensive to dabble in adventure on Wednesday than to have your Saturday's greens, and I believe that a much greater effect could be made on the box-office returns by a little experimenting in scenery that stimulates than might be thought possible. Mr. Owen Nares, viewing the London stage complacently, has recently stated that it is in a very healthy state; I am prepared to bet him that there are not more than about six plays now running that will be doing so in October, and I think their lives would be longer if their surroundings were better. Now in New York where the theatre is more alive than anywhere else, the commercial stage is always trying out new designers, and the progress of such artists as Jo Mielziner or Stuart Chaney is the happy result of such enterprise. In America, of course, the admirable system of the summer stock-companies in the seaside Little Theatres, where leading players go from New York to act for a fiver a week and any number of new plays are tried out, acts as a forcing-house for all sorts of talent.

On the English merry-go-round, Mr. Cochran is the chief experimenter, and though I don't much care for Albert Stern's colour, he is a designer who knows his job. But Mr. Messel is on too high a pinnacle. He does not consider the grouping of his colours enough, while his icing-sugar decoration, elegant though it can be, smacks too consistently of the tart's bedroom. One designer of importance has come into his own this year. Mr. Rex Whistler in his *Pride and Prejudice* and his *Marriage of Figaro* shows that he has arrived in this medium. He has evolved a very personal and theatrically effective range of colour, and in such sets as Lady Catherine de Bourgh's room and the Count's Library the spinachy greens, which bore one in his oil-paintings, have vanished before this fresh and lovely vision. Whether he can design scenery other than of the "period" type remains to be seen.

Two recent productions, *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Happy Hypocrite*, are the work of "Motley." Neither was particularly successful. The set for the first closely resembles

that of Gordon Craig's *Hamlet*—a model of which may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum—with various fripperies added; but the idea of the Gordon Craig scene, which by the simplicity of its three white prisms gives an immense sense of height, has entirely vanished, and it is partly for this reason that the balcony, tacked on to the centre prism, seemed so awkward. In historical plays, if the dresses are not to be correct in type and detail, they should be so personal that it is the individuality of the designer that counts. Motley conforms to neither view, and their *Romeo and Juliet* costumes seemed to me irritating to the pedant and undistinguished to the person of sensibility. In more recent productions, such as the Ibsen cycle and *Parnell*, which are much nearer our own day, their sense of time is much better and many of the dresses were delightful. In *The Happy Hypocrite* a seeming attempt to capture the greenery-yallery tone of Mr. Beerbohm's youth cast a fog over the whole production, particularly in the first act, where the dull-yellow of the walls, if in keeping with the rather disastrous scheme of Prinny's Marine Pavilion, afforded no contrast to the subdued colouring of the dresses. It is for a foreigner that we must get out that rusty new-moon trumpet. M. Komisarjevsky, in *The Seagull*, shows us the master-hand at work. The garden scene, with the view of the wooded lake from the peristyle of the house, is impeccable in colour, form and lighting—the rustic bridge is particularly successful in giving depth and in varying the grouping—while the delightfully fresh interior with its ingenious reversing of inner and outer room in Acts II. and III. has both period-character and distinction. His dresses have a delicious touch of extravagance, and invention allied to experience comes triumphantly into its own.

Opera is also in the doldrums. M. Wolkoff has the merit of knowing his operas, but his *Ring* scenery is in the conventional "Come to Connemara" style, and though his last act to *Rigoletto* has the right Salvatoresque quality, and he used the cyclorama effectively in the Nile scene in *Aïda*, his "Blumenmädchen" set in *Parsifal* was deplorable. He fails in good company—only the Greek designer, who worked for some years at Hamburg, has achieved anything memorable for the boring pretentiousness of *Parsifal*—and it is difficult to expect anyone to sandwich a new design in between two aged Druriolanian relics, but the arterial cabbage-leaf tights of his enchantresses were really too ludicrous. Incidentally, in *The Meistersingers*, the appearance of the crescent moon in Act II cannot be right; Johannistag takes place at the full moon and its date depends on that phenomenon.

Glyndebourne is a sad story. Where performances enchant the ear, surroundings the eye, Mr. Hamish Wilson's scenery plumbs the lowest depths. A profound misunderstanding of the uses of a small stage, which is crowded with the distracting and extravagant detail of an Edwardian chocolate-box, banal colour and a complete lack of sense of period, which gives us an eighteenth century combining the worst features of Victorian Meissen and Marcus Stone, are the outstanding defects of his style. The Temple scenes in *The Magic Flute* show him at his best, though it is a feeble control of the lighting system, which thinks that a gauze stretched across the proscenium is the best method of giving depth and illusion, but Pamina's room has all the horror of a cheap advertisement for scent, while in *Don Giovanni* the Don's party takes place in a room which would have done credit to the coloured illustrations of *Pears' Annual* thirty years ago. Opera is supposed to be looked at and it is a thousand pities that the lessons of such an admirable production as Mr. Norman Marshall's *Lysistrata* or of Herr Strohbach's delicate fantasies could not have taught the necessary artistic economy to Glyndebourne. Where so much is perfect so little would complete.

I am asking, perhaps, for something too difficult to obtain, but it is certain that there are a number of distinguished designers who have had very little chance. Mr. Hedley Briggs has shown in a number of sketches at The Gate a very real and personal talent. Mr. William Chappell, in a slighter way, a similar one at Sadler's Wells; Mr. Duncan Grant's *Twelfth Night* at the Vieux Colombier and his *Birds* at Cambridge were admirable; Mr. Edward Burra's *Rio Grande* here was very effective. I do not know what has happened to Mr. Humphrey Jennings, whose great gifts in this direction were seen at Cambridge a year or two back; Mr. Alec Penrose, whose *Oresteia* showed such distinction, is now a country gentleman. But there are plenty of potential young designers about; it is a pity some of them cannot be given a chance.

LEIGH ASHTON

GOLEM

Was it at dusk to-day, or when the waterfall at noon
Glared with impelling crystal at me, or when a flower opened at ten?
Be it when it was, the standstill came, and out of the medley
Of memory and anxiousness rose the figure I sought; and then

I knew him once again for the giant we should each find in ourselves;
Ah, this was my ichor, my child, my guardian, my only guest;
He was armoured with all remembered beauty, browed with young hope,
His legs were bright as Mexican feathers, cut like emeralds at their best;

He was of me and out of me; I watched him clank across the garden,
Ignoring me with his terrific archangel eyes, set under infant's hair;
Each bone of him I knew, and he was steelly aware of each vein in me,
And recovering all I had lost as I trembled, I shouted: "There, Golem, there!

"Go, go, Golem, where you see them beyond the bushes; strike!
Flail at them with your mighty, soft hands, Golem, the rabble;
You have lain in the damp workroom too long, Golem, and they have prospered,
The little man in the bowler-hat with his motor-bicycle and his babble

Of war and peace, of bricks run up quickly, of tin instruction,
Of what the ink said yesterday, of what he listened to so attentive;
Nutrition and solicitors and Burlington House, and the hardest winter
For thirty-eight years, while Marlene's eyebrows remain the divine incentive.

Go, go, Golem!"—but while the windy garden froze in the quiet
Mutation of nightmare, I saw him lurch, flash, and thunderously fall.
I had not made him long and strongly enough. I must begin again. Meanwhile,
Hail, Bloom, hail, Marlene, hail, Marconi, dazzling possessors of us all!

DERWENT

THE MARVELLOUS MAN

I

Bubentsov used to swoop down on homes, just as, two or three centuries ago, bandits used to swoop down on the Volga barges. Like them, he embarked upon his raids with reckless hoots, and he used the same methods as the bandits, with the same unerring success.

He used these same, well-tried methods for the abduction of Anna Petrovna.

At their second meeting he said firmly: "Anna—what sort of a name d'you call that? Reminds one of a stuffy room with

an oil stove and everybody going in and out—I'm going to call you Daisy."

Anna Petrovna had two children and a taciturn husband, who possessed only one suit. And nobody had ever called her Daisy. It was so unexpected and charming that five days later, as she was mending her son's trousers, she realised that she had always been Daisy, only nobody had noticed it before.

"I shall rescue you from your family," Bubentsov warned her solemnly, picking his teeth after his chop. "You are pining away, like a butterfly in a cage. A golden butterfly in a rusty cage. I shall take you away."

"Take me!" consented Anna Petrovna softly, but exultantly.

Her taciturn husband sometimes called her lop-sided, and the children were annoyed when she snored on moonlight nights. So she very much wanted to believe that she was a butterfly in a cage. In a rusty cage. And so she began to behave both as Daisy and as a butterfly. The children began to go about unwashed, and her husband used to bring home from the office salty jam sandwiches for dinner.

At the end of a fortnight Bubentsov opened her eyes completely.

"I recognise the family as a social institution," he said bitterly. "Let there be even children, if they are provided for by the constitution of the U.S.S.R. The State demands sacrifices. But who wants children? The ideal family consists of husband, wife, and a room. And, if you like, communal services. The rest is middle-class conventionality. Children? Children are no different from grown-up people, except that they are small. They have to be fed and clothed, and so a human being, who ought to be free to live his own life, has to assume the chains of a wage-slave. What joy do you get out of children? To-day a child sits on your lap and spoils your trousers, and to-morrow somebody calls you grandpa. Sordid."

Here Anna Petrovna remembered that yesterday Lisa had burnt a hole in her new blouse, and that Misha had stuck a pencil into the cream cheese, and she let herself be persuaded that children were not all joy.

"Why do they save drunkards fallen out of a boat, when nobody holds out so much as a helping hand to save people drowning in conventionality?" Bubentsov exclaimed, triumphantly demolishing the last fragments of the family. "What is solid family life? A husband hiccuping in the morning, devouring boiled beef, and demanding faithfulness of his wife. Husbands are birds of prey with crooked legs plundering other people's possessions."

"My husband's legs are straight," cried Anna Petrovna, hopelessly trying to beat off his attacks but feeling that she was at her last defence.

"They're crooked," asserted Bubentsov overbearingly. "Only you do not notice it. Mental blindness. You are like a sleeping princess. You will wake and find that they are crooked. And he walks about in down-trodden slippers, and undoubtedly there are big red laundry marks on his shirts, and his moustache gets wet when he drinks beer. Poor Daisy!"

Her husband did not go about in slippers, he had straight legs, and he did not drink beer. And, in addition, he shaved every day. But to feel that she was miserable and perishing in the mud of conventionality was so painfully pleasant that Anna Petrovna proclaimed these facts to her husband loudly and emphatically.

"Very well," answered this taciturn man bitterly. "Advertise in the evening paper for a husband with straight legs. I can't help it."

A few days later Anna Petrovna arrived at Bubentsov's in a taxi, carried up her portmanteau and said in an agitated voice:

"Won't you welcome your Daisy? Your butterfly has given up middle-class conventionality. The princess has awakened."

And a new life began. Bubentsov's sixth. He took possession of the sofa on the left, whilst the butterfly, the princess, and Daisy, united in Anna Petrovna, appropriated the bed on the right behind the screen.

II

A year passed. Bubentsov had just returned from the doctor's, where he had been reminded that he was in his thirty-ninth year, and not getting any younger.

"Aniuta," he said sadly to her who had once been Daisy, "I need rest and comfort."

"Well," she remarked dryly, "I shall buy you pants padded with eiderdown. They are very warm."

"Pants won't bring happiness. Bachelors also can buy pants in any store. We have no family."

"A family is a middle-class conventionality," she said with a yawn, and thought of the handsome dark man who had pushed her off her seat in the omnibus. "A family means children. I am sick of children! I have read or heard somewhere that children are no different from grown-up people except that they are small and have to be fed and clothed."

"You did not read it anywhere," cried Bubentsov angrily, lighting a cigarette. "Even an idiot wouldn't write such rubbish. I want a jolly little creature to play about on the floor of my room. . . ."

"Well, buy a dog. It will run about the room," said Anna Petrovna, and yawned again. "Oh, let me sleep!"

She closed her eyes and again remembered the dark man in the 'bus.

"No, don't go to sleep," said Bubentsov throwing away his cigarette. "Everybody can sleep after dinner except me. I come home tired, I am thirty-nine, I am suffering from kidney trouble, and I have no comfort whatever."

"Well, buy yourself a pair of slippers and go about with them on your crooked legs, if you are in need of comfort," said Anna Petrovna without opening her eyes. "Perhaps you would also like to hiccup in the morning?"

"My legs are straight," Bubentsov said caustically. "And I have never in my life hiccuped in the morning."

"You're a liar!" cried Anna Petrovna, springing from the bed. "All husbands have crooked legs and they all hiccup in the morning."

"So you are awake, princess! Hold your tongue, you, do!"

"You Philistine! I am like a butterfly in a rusty cage."

"Stop talking about cages, hang it all! I'll cage you in a minute. . . . Butterfly indeed! Butterflies don't come home drunk at three o'clock in the morning. . . ."

"And what do butterflies do? Do they embroider red laundry marks on their husbands' nightshirts? Do they? Oh, my goodness, what a dreary man! . . ."

And the indignant woman fell asleep.

III

The boulevards were bathed in moonlight, borrowed from Tourgenev's novels. A quiet couple was sitting on a seat near a statue. A plump brunette was sucking an ice.

"Do not say that, dear Maria Vassilievna. . . . Ah! What a marvellous name you have! It has the fragrance of lilies of the valley. . . ." It was Bubentsov's voice. "The family is everything. Here you are, living alone with your husband. You, your husband, plus communal services! How dreary! Almost Philistine. I shall save you from this middle-class conventionality. We shall have a family. We shall have children. I shall be coming home in the evening, putting down my attaché-case, and stroking little brown heads. And Vassia—he will of course be Vassia, or at least, Katia—will say 'Papa, papa.' . . ."

"What a marvellous man you are!" whispered the brunette passionately, sucking her ice.

At some distance from the monument there could be heard coming from another seat the laughter of Anna Petrovna and the deep tones of the dark man of the omnibus.

"No, you are not Anna Petrovna. You are Kitty. I am going to call you Kitty. There is something intoxicating about it, like a cocktail in syrup. Do not pronounce the word husband in my hearing. It savours of trams and socks. I

shall steal you after the fifteenth. You will wake up rejuvenated in my cosy room with lift and gas, all complete. With my salary and influential friends we can boldly face the world. No napkins and no conventional guarantees."

"You are wonderful," Anna Petrovna sighed happily.

The circle was complete. ARKADI BOUKHOV

(trans. by John Rodker).

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Henry VIII," Open-air Theatre, Regent's Park

Mr. Sidney Carroll's appeal for funds to guarantee this year's season of open-air performances has met with sufficient success to enable the company to begin their run. Pleasant though the surroundings are, if the appeal touches the question as to whether something of educative and artistic interest is to die or not, then the answer must be that, compared with the work done under the auspices of the "Old Vic," this venture is of very dubious value. Granted that *Henry VIII* is extremely unsuitable for performance in a woodland grove — Buckingham's farewell speech is particularly absurdly placed in such circumstances—the production follows such well-worn lines, the dresses are such conventional Wardour Street affairs, excruciating in colour and undistinguished in line, that any visual stimulus goes overboard at once. An ounce of invention, a single eyelash for colour effect, could do better than this and, as the materials used are quite expensive, with their stamped velvets and heavy embroideries, there seems little excuse for the banishment of imagination. The acting is better. Mr. Baliol Holloway, one of the best of our Shakespearean actors, is admirably suave as Wolsey and his great height dominates the cast, as it should, but his movements are perpetually on the border-line of the amplifier's range and the effect of sudden bursts of noise is very disquieting. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who has not always been happily cast at these plays, gives one of the best of traditional renderings of Katharine and in the trial scene overtopped everyone. Mr. Lyn Harding, whom we last saw as Henry some twenty-five years ago, gives the same well-drawn study of a sly lecher, and in his roaring rages quite surpassed the efforts of his neighbours across the park, but his make-up is too old for this period of the King's life.

Mr. Gyles Isham, made-up in a colour like one of those pale-yellow translucent pigs' heads one sees in shops, gave, suitably enough, a ham performance as Buckingham, while Miss Vivien Leigh, ravishingly beautiful though she looks, is almost entirely lacking in period sense and in this world of fashion seemed singularly out-of-place. A word of praise for the three ladies, who in Russian headdresses sang German's charming setting of *Orpheus With His Lute* to the accompaniment of a balalaika; and a word of condemnation for the deplorable vision of angels. In Shakespeare's time it was, of course, used as an excuse for a masque, but no excuse could condone the young woman who appeared to be showing off a silver lamé evening dress to the dying queen, while a band of mannequins waved palm-branches languidly in the manner of feather fans. The public which goes to Regent's Park is presumably somewhat uncritical, but if it wishes, and it apparently does, to contribute money to support the enterprise, then it ought to know that it is entitled to a better vintage for its outlay. It is not so much the material, but the atmosphere which is wrong. Looking down the list of the cast we saw among the bench of Bishops an actor or actress—for the make-up of the bishops made it very difficult to distinguish their sex—called *tout court* Siddons-Kemble. Probably it is a real name, but if assumed, it is well in keeping with the Tottenham Court Road Tudor of the production.

"Heroes Don't Care," at St. Martin's

This extremely short and rather crude little play has the merit of a number of good wisecracks and a supremely finished and humorous performance by Mr. Felix Aylmer as Public Wuffler No. 1. From the top of his delectable fur hat to the sole of his impeccable shoes he radiates the spirit of "Poonah, by Gad" till the icicles fall off the mountains in this junction for the Polar regions. The satire on the shortcomings of the publicity hunter and the interested motives of a certain type of traveller and explorer is a bit raw and the construction of the play and its curtain lines lack dramatic sensibility, but Miss Neville uses her machine-gun of humour with precision and a good many of the bullets in each burst find a mark. There is a particularly happy moment, when a specially woven Union Jack is unfurled, from which all the red subversive element has been left out. Miss Carol Goodner gave one of those hand-finished performances she turns out of a mould, as the Wuffler's wife, and Mr. Rex Harrison one of considerable charm as the secretary, on whom she has set her heart. He has a much more loosely written part than she and a number of very rough corners, but he takes his fences with the gay air of a colt out for a gallop and much of the success of the play is due to the attraction of his ugly phiz. Miss Coral Brown as an impossibly intrepid airwoman overacted a part already overwritten with great gusto and Mr. Ranevsky and Miss Marguerite Allan painted in the Norwegian local colour in broad washes. Altogether an evening, if farcical, of a good deal of amusement. It is to be hoped that the summer heat will not kill a bright entertainment, which in the winter would be assured of a commercial success.

"The Rabbit Roared," at Croydon

Political comedy is rare in the English theatre, and references to "sealed lips" and other topicalities in *The Rabbit Roared*, produced at the Croydon Repertory this week, seemed refreshingly witty. A map of India hanging conspicuously on the wall throughout the evening was labelled with the fantastic name of Magnoperia, there were no "personalities," of course, but though Mr. J. E. Sewell and Mr. Ernest Woods have kept on the safe side of satire they have produced an amusing play. The plot is preposterous enough. Sir Robert Mainwaring, M.P., is a charming and intelligent figure in high politics, whose ineffectiveness has been due to a knock on the head in the hunting-field as a youth. He bumps his head against the fireplace in Act I, regains his energy, and astonishes everyone by crusading on a principle of policy and splitting his party at a crisis. He is on the way to the House to deliver a last crashing speech when a car accident shakes him up again and he relapses into his former incompetence. If you can swallow all this, the play is good fun. Mr. Mark Dignam is charming as Sir Robert Mainwaring in his weaker state; when he roars, we are amused, but not perhaps wholly convinced. Miss Josephine Middleton as his wife, who is as bewildered as we are by his change of character, acted delightfully, and Messrs. Maurice Denham, Corney Grain and Bertram Heyhoe, made a good trio of comic party bosses.

The De Basil Ballet at Covent Garden

It is delightful to have Col. de Basil's company back in London, though one may regret that they are not in a theatre where a satisfactory view can be obtained at a reasonable price. The nearest thing to a novelty to which we have so far been treated is *Midnight Sun*, a ballet that we have not seen for many years. It was Massine's first essay in choreography and now seems a little thin. Moreover, the present company, most of whom have never seen Russia, are not very well suited to so entirely national a ballet, based on folk-dances. Even Danilova, who is dancing this year better than ever, was something too elegant and urban—when we remember the rich, earthy vigour which Lopokova brought to the part. Massine, on the first night of the revival, seemed rather tired. Larionov's décor has not aged at all, and his brilliant colours are the most vital element in this ballet—especially when the orchestra gives such an inadequate performance. In *Cotillon* the three young Graces, Toumanova, Baronova and Riabouchinska, danced superbly, but we badly missed Lichine, who had had an accident. He danced, however, the *Après-midi* with great courage. We wish Col. de Basil would quickly offer us his new ballets: the *Boutique*, the *Tricorne*, and the *Beau Danube* are a delight even when we have seen them a hundred times, but we would like one unfamiliar pleasure in an evening's entertainment.

Salvador Dali at the Lefèvre

M. Dali follows up the mass-attack of the Surrealists in Burlington Gardens with a solitary sortie in King Street, and brandishes his assegai with a fine assumption of frenzy. He bids fair to become a most fashionable painter, for his work obviously appeals to those who have no feeling for art—that is to say, to most of us. No longer need we examine the catalogue to see whether this Still-life or that Landscape is by Matisse, and must be admired; or by an imitator, and can be neglected. Here are pictures as full of incident as the masterpieces of Robert Martineau or Augustus Egg, and endowed with the most entertaining titles, like *Average Atmospheric-cephalic Bureaucrat Milking a "Cranial Harp"* and *Fine, Middle-sized, Invisible Harp*. Moreover, the objects are represented with the nicest precision, and the pictures

resemble coloured photographs in the minuteness of their detail. M. Dali is highly competent, and but for the calculated unexpectedness of his subjects would be much admired in the Royal Academy. Indeed, the "*Geodesical*" *Portrait of Gala* is so little geodesic that if it were painted by an Englishman it would probably be bought by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. Most of the paintings represent a carefully disparate congeries of objects, and can be guaranteed to excite animated conversation at the stickiest of cocktail-parties. A renascence of poetry in painting would be altogether welcome, but the mythology of "malleable watches" and "drawers of flesh" invented by M. Dali is inadequately imaginative. His paranoia is altogether too deliberate: "N'est pas fou qui voudrait." This exhibition can be confidently recommended to the Great Heart of the Mayfair Public.

"Broken Blossoms," at the London Pavilion

Directed at the Twickenham film studios by Hans Brahm for producer Julius Hagen, under the supervision of Bernard Vorhaus, with music by Karol Rathaus and photographed by Curt Courant, *Broken Blossoms*, as you can see at a glance, counts as a British film—even though *The Times* thinks otherwise. And to dispel all possible doubts on this score, Dolly Haas, the jolly little heroine of *Liebeskommando*, is cast in the leading role as a London slum-child. None of this was more than we are fully accustomed to . . . yet *Broken Blossoms* had two big surprises in store for us. The choice of Frl. Haas for the part of Lucy could not have been bettered, even if Gish or Bergner had been available. Her Cockney was charming and not at all far-fetched; her acting restrained, simple, and highly sensitive—a lovely performance. Emlyn Williams, as Chen, the disillusioned Buddhist missionary to Limehouse who befriends her, and Arthur Margetson, as her blustering beast of a father, were both excellent. And the film itself, although a shade slow and rather weak and arty in its exterior shots, was a genuinely moving adaptation (by Emlyn Williams) of D. W. Griffiths's picture based on Thomas Burke's novel. The first half was ten minutes too long, and in the second half the hopeless gloom of rain and fogs might have abated a little. But this underlining of a romantic tragedy and the pointed contrast with an all too celestial China were the only exaggeration that was allowed to jeopardise the film's emotional balance. A highly emotional and very "depressing" picture it was, almost Célinesque in its emphasis on savagery and squalor; but—a merit remarkably rare on the screen—its speech was natural, and in both its sweet and its sadistic moments sentimentality was avoided. Moreover, the English types were convincingly English. Let us hasten to claim it as a good British picture.

"Where There's a Will," at the Tivoli

The cheerful but slightly evasive approbation bestowed on British films of the humorous variety by our Fleet Street critics is sometimes disturbing. Can it be that a steady, glittering stream of English fun pours past unnoticed, while this eclectic column devotes its valuable space only to British or foreign spy-films and the morality-plays and slick whimsicalities of Hollywood? Where the cinema is concerned, little good comes of being "choosy." How often we have to admit, when catechised by those who have found highly recommended films disappointing, that merit in the movies is absurdly relative. . . . It was, in fact, by mistake—but without foreboding—that we found ourselves facing that trusty music-hall artist, Will Hay, in this Gainsborough farce. *Boys Will Be Boys* was said to be a droll picture. *Where There's a Will* is distinctly amusing; directed pace and efficiency, nine of its characters—in particular the chatty, agitated, plausible optimist played by Will Hay—are sketches in good comic outline. A British film that succeeds as entertainment.

"The Story of Louis Pasteur," at the New Gallery.

This is a fine film; it is a motion-picture that can be recommended without hesitation to theatregoers, doctors, humanitarians, fools, and the man in the street. It is not without faults, and it should have been above several of the minor faults—histrionic rather than historical—which tend to falsify the accessories of a magnificent portrait. But never before have we seen a film so rich in detail, so ample in narrative, reduced—with all its incidents, with all its attendant characters—to a single theme, and such a splendid theme, or centralised so clearly on one man as the illustration, the embodiment, of that theme. The film is its hero; and its defects are not errors of diffusion, but false notes from the orchestra that are drowned as soon as heard and forgiven because the composition itself is so impressive. Paul Muni's portrayal of Pasteur radiates conviction, drama, and understanding in the highest degree. It is a likeness that, whenever they hear the name Pasteur mentioned, will spring to the minds of all who have seen this film. It is a true portrait, but, if it weren't, if we knew the man to have been different in any essential particular from the noble, unassuming, obstinate genius here presented, we should still find it difficult to tell the original from the copy. Nor would that matter, for the Muni creation is valid and vivid, apart from its fidelity to the model. The message of this film was worth delivering with the full zest of the cinema's resources. It serves the highest of human causes; its sincerity cannot be questioned, and, although its efficiency may be thought inferior to its aims, its method of dramatic presentation was the right one, dictated by the intensely exciting subject. It is a considerable achievement.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 26th—
- Manchester Anti-War Exhibition, Braemar Avenue Church Hall, Bounds Green Road, Wood Green, 3–10 p.m.
- Hugh Sykes Davies on "Biology and Surrealism." New Burlington Galleries, 5.

SATURDAY, June 27th—
- Week-end School arranged by the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R., Digswell Conference House, Welwyn Garden City.
- Royal Air Force Display, Hendon.
- Mimed Tales and Ballads, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 28th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "Why Not an English Bible?" Conway Hall, 11.
- Doreen Wallace on "The Tithe Problem," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, June 29th—
- Performance by The Otherwise Club of "No Trifling with Love," Barn Theatre, Shere, Surrey.

TUESDAY, June 30th—
- Royal Agricultural Show, Bristol.
- Israel Cohen on "Palestine: The Jewish Case," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.

WEDNESDAY, July 1st—
- Lecture by M. Salvador Dali, New Burlington Galleries, 5.

THURSDAY, July 2nd—
- Hampstead Communist Party. William Gallacher and John Gollan on "Are You Satisfied?" Hampstead Town Hall, 8.0.
- "The Lady of La Paz," Criterion Theatre.

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HUMBER

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MISS MARIANNE MOORE'S *Selected Poems* (Faber, 7*s.* 6*d.*) have prompted me to visit the Zoo. I wished to identify some of the lesser known animals which she so exactly and delicately describes: the jerboa or jumping mouse, the basilisk, the pangolin, the tuatera—creatures I had never set eyes on. Summer is not in general the best time for seeing animals in captivity. They suffer, more even than human beings, from the seasonal boredom. A few months ago every cage and paddock presented its spectacle of courtship, varying from a playful restlessness (among the cats) which would seize first one and then the other of the pair, but never apparently both at the same time, to the more formal ritual of birds. Pigeons might be lovers in a Victorian novelette. One could spend an hour watching the peacocks. They spread their tails, sidestep, dance slowly backwards, dragging a wing like matadors. The hen pecks quietly for food. Curious to see this acquiescent bird over which the male rears its sumptuous sail, shivering from time to time as in a wind, so that the hen looks up to find itself under that nightmare of eyes. And as you walk away the peacock gives its strange lonely cry. All this animation, extending even to the paralytic tortoise, has disappeared before the end of May; drabness, *la tristesse des jours d'été*, invades every cage with its sour stench, broken nutshells and the bars of sunlight moving across the floor. I found it difficult, at Regent's Park on Saturday, to look at most of the larger animals without depression. The heat, it is true, was appalling, and in the afternoon elephants carrying loads of children went through the motions of squirting themselves with water every few yards. Then by luck, in a comparatively deserted corner, I found one of the animals I had been looking for—the jerboa. A rodent, but you think at once of a bird, embryonic and half-evil, which might have come from a canvas of Hieronymus Bosch. It is a small creature, not the size of a rat, with huge eyes and a peaked head on each side of which are tiny arms, withdrawn into the fur when the animal moves. Its hind legs are six or eight inches long, thin as a bird's, and by means of these and an even longer kangaroo-like tail it can hop a distance of from two to five yards, landing on all fours but instantly resuming an upright position so as to take off again. I had remembered that Miss Moore, at the end of her poem, described these hops as progressing by "fifths and sevenths, in leaps of two lengths, like the uneven notes of a Bedouin flute," and I had hoped to see them for myself, but unfortunately the cage at Regent's Park is so small that there the jerboa only walks or makes single jumps like an unusually springy sparrow.

> Its leaps should be set
> to the flageolet.

I missed that. Still, it is a fascinating animal to discover; its shyness is extravagant; among other habits it burrows gregariously in the sand and lives without water, emerging usually at night to feed on herbs.

* * *

The poem in which the jerboa occurs is almost as strange as the animal itself. The first part is a bestiary of the Roman world, herds of ostriches, Nile geese, hunted ibex and antelope, tame crocodiles, baboons running up the necks of giraffes to pick fruit, garden pools with small fish and frogs, and the effigies of these and more exotic animals in wood and stone; and this is followed by the description of the jerboa, "a small desert rat, and not famous," which escaped the Roman fantasy. It is a longish poem and unfortunately almost impossible to quote from, partly because its effect is cumulative, like a page of *Salammbo*, but partly also because Miss Moore's style combines in a very individual manner the subtleties both of prose and of verse, and to quote a line or two or even several stanzas would be to destroy its remarkable flavour. I doubt if there is a line in the whole of Miss Moore's poetry that one could cite as such; and that is not so much proof of a weakness as an indication of her method. Her quality can be more easily shown in other poems, in the imagery and detail which she employs to make us see an animal or a landscape in a flash. The snake-charmer's snake:

> Thick, not heavy, it stands up from its travelling basket,
> the essentially Greek, the plastic, animal all of a piece from
> nose to tail;
> one is compelled to look at it as at the shadows of the alps,
> imprisoning in their folds like flies in amber, the rhythms of the
> skating rink.

That splendid image is characteristic. For an instant we see the peculiar markings of the alp more vividly than the snake, then the sense contracts and we are aware of an identification—the criss-cross pattern in shadow—which has never struck us before. Again, the basilisk:

> In blazing driftwood
> the green keeps showing at the same place;
> as, intermittently, the fire-opal shows blue and green.
> In Costa Rica the true Chinese lizard face
> is found, of the amphibious falling dragon, the living firework.
>
> He leaps and meets his
> likeness in the stream and, king with king,
> helped by his three-part plume along the back, runs on two legs,
> tail dragging; faints upon the air; then with a spring
> dives to the stream-bed. . . .

An ornamental swan:

> "No water so still as the
> dead fountains of Versailles." No swan,
> with swart blind look askance
> and gondoliering legs, so fine
> as the chintz china one with fawn-
> brown eyes and toothed gold
> collar on to show whose bird it was.

Sometimes the scene is half-mythological, half-actual; the figures on a bowl are described and we see the animals themselves; elegance, wit and a curious erudition make the thing observed more vivid and at the same time more formal. In several poems—"The Jerboa," "The Monkeys," "The Frigate Pelican"—Miss Moore evokes a jungle not unlike that of the Douanier. The pelican, gliding majestically or "quivering about as charred paper behaves," looks down

> . . . and observes what went
> secretly, as it thought, out of sight
> among dense jungle plants. Sent
> ahead of the rest, there goes the true
> knight in his jointed coat that
> covers all but his bat
>
> ears; a-trot, with stiff pig gait—our tame armadillo, loosed by
> his master and as pleased as a dog. Beside the
> spattered blood—that orchid which the native fears—
> the fer-de-lance lies sleeping; centaur-
> like, this harmful couple's amity
> is *apropos*. A jaguar
> and crocodile are fighting. Sharp-shinned
> hawks, and peacock-freckled small
> cats, like the literal
>
> merry-go-round, come wandering within the circular view
> of the high bird for whom from the air they are ants
> keeping house all their lives in the creek of a
> crag with no view from the top. . . .

I have quoted the more vivid, zoological side of Miss Moore's poetry which the reader will find in *Selected Poems*, and in an additional volume of five new poems *The Pangolin and Other Verse* (Brendin Publishing Co., 10*s.*). The other aspect of her poetry is curiously prim, and alternately allusive and bald in statement. It has its flavour, its geometrical pattern, which personally I do not always care for. Hitherto I had only seen occasional poems of hers in anthologies, and they had not impressed me; her poetry must be read in bulk, though not all of it may please. It is as an imagist, with a vivid fabulous sense of the animal world, that Miss Moore excites our attention. The volume of *Selected Poems*, by the way, contains an introduction by Mr. T. S. Eliot emphasising the technical originality of Miss Moore's achievement. G. W. STONIER

WERE THEY SO FUNNY ?

The Strange Death of Liberal England. By GEORGE DANGERFIELD. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It was the fashion of biographers some ten or fifteen years ago to paint the illustrious dead of the Victorian Age in deep but uniform black. That fashion—typical of a decade so pert and wanton as the 1920's—is fortunately as dead as its unhappy victims. But as we move on towards the middle of the twentieth century there is a danger that the Edwardians may suffer from neo-Edwardian writers different but no less disagreeable mangling—for it is quite as disagreeable to be made ridiculous as to be made merely villainous. Of course they are good subjects for chaff: their women's hats and their men's collars, their garden parties with croquet, their bicycles and a motor car filled with Edwardians are all exceedingly risible objects. But they were not only comical, which leads me to my main criticism of Mr. Dangerfield's book. Although he is clearly hostile to political leaders of all three parties, he has scrupulously avoided denigrating them and is very fair in his character studies of men like Carson, F. E. Smith and Winston Churchill, who might naturally be expected to make little appeal to the modern mind. (Indeed, to one of his readers, he seems almost too indulgent to the integrity of Mr. Balfour and the intelligence of Mr. Bonar Law who played such shuffling parts in English politics from 1910 onwards.) But if the author has avoided dressing his characters in black it is only because he has preferred to dress them in motley. If I might for one sentence adopt Mr. Dangerfield's style I should say that the bells of the fool tinkle from every character on every page. The style in which much of the book is written is affected and irritating—for instance, the Duke of Marlborough's blood "canters through Mr. Churchill's veins"; Mr. Smith "twitched his mantle of gravity, and moved into more congenial pastures" and "ducal drawing-rooms" have "fronded embrasures."

All this is a pity, because Mr. Dangerfield has chosen an excellent subject for his book and when he gets really warmed to the task, as, for example, in his account of the Suffragettes, he shows that he can write simply and vividly.

It has for so long been accepted as axiomatic that the War killed the Liberal Party that it comes as something of a shock to learn from this book that "the true cause of the collapse of Liberalism . . . was a sudden flaring-up of a strange anger of the English spirit," in short that the War only precipitated what was inevitable after what the author calls "the Tory Rebellion, the Women's Rebellion and the Workers' Rebellion." This is an interesting theme and one which Mr. Dangerfield treats on the whole convincingly. It may be true that he underrates the capacity of the Liberal majority to adapt itself to change. Just as the German menace had drawn away the social reforming zeal of its early years, so, if that menace had passed off without a war, the Liberal Party would doubtless have turned back, with an added Radical and Socialist bias, to the home problems which were encumbering and endangering it. Mr. Dangerfield would have to admit that organised Liberalism would never have fallen so easy a victim but for Mr. Lloyd George's behaviour in 1918 and Mr. MacDonald's pomposity in 1924 when the party was placed at terrible electoral disadvantages, and after both of which it lost enormously to the Left, not because those who deserted it believed in Socialism, or even bothered to understand it, but because they felt that continued attachment to the Liberal Party was fatal to a political career. Mr. Dangerfield rather oddly identifies pre-war Liberalism with "the frock coated caste," with "security and respectability," and with "Victorian complacency." Mr. Charles Masterman—who was perhaps the most brilliant exponent of early twentieth-century Liberal philosophy—hardly suggested either in his appearance or his views the complacency and self-satisfaction of a Victorian capitalist. Mr. Dangerfield starts from the assumption that pre-war England "dancing its way into war, to a sound of lawn mowers and ragtime, to the hum of bees and the popping of champagne corks" was a product of Liberalism and that when the whole thing "finally crashed into irremediable dust" Liberalism crashed with it. But it is surely a trifle unfair to identify Mr. Asquith and his colleagues—drawing their support from the middle classes and nonconformists—with this rather peculiar mixture of noises.

The outbursts of violent political feeling—Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. McNeil in the House of Commons, the sad case of Emily Wilding Davison at Epsom, the disturbances in Ireland and the insults to the Monarchy—are all well and faithfully described. But were they, as Mr. Dangerfield suggests, portents of Liberalism's

1066 AND ALL THAT

AMID the feudal system there remained, or there grew up, communities of cultivators, more or less subject to feudal dues, who tilled the soil as common property; and although the lords, where and when they had the power, claimed pretty much all they thought worth claiming, yet the idea of common right was strong enough to attach itself by custom to a considerable part of the land. The commons, in feudal ages, must have embraced a very large proportion of the area of most European countries.

The abolition of the military tenures in England by the Long Parliament, ratified after the accession of Charles II, though simply an appropriation of public revenues by the feudal landholders, who thus got rid of the consideration on which they held the common property of the nation, and saddled it on the people at large, in the taxation of all consumers, has been long characterised, and is still held up in the law books, as a triumph of the spirit of freedom.

Yet here is the source of the immense debt and heavy taxation of England. Had the form of these feudal dues been simply changed into one better adapted to the changed times, English wars need never have occasioned the incurring of debt to the amount of a single pound, and the labour and capital of England need not have been taxed a single farthing for the maintenance of a military establishment.

All this would have come from rent, which the landholders since that time have appropriated to themselves—from the tax which land ownership levies on the earnings of labour and capital.

The landholders of England got their land on terms which required them even in the sparse population of Norman days to put in the field, upon call, sixty thousand perfectly equipped horsemen, and on the further condition of various fines and incidents which amounted to a considerable part of the rent. It would probably be a low estimate to put the pecuniary value of these various services and dues at one-half the rental value of the land. Had the landholders been kept to this contract and no land been permitted to be enclosed except upon similar terms, the income accruing to the nation from English land would to-day be greater by many millions than the entire public revenues of the United Kingdom. England to-day might have enjoyed absolute free trade. There need not have been a customs duty, an excise licence, or income-tax, yet all the present expenditures could be met, and a large surplus remain to be devoted to any purpose which would conduce to the comfort or well-being of the whole people.

Professor A. Einstein says of the author of the foregoing passage: "I have read his great book and really learned a great deal from it. Men like him are rare, unfortunately. One cannot imagine a more beautiful combination of intellectual keenness, artistic form and fervent love of justice. The spreading of these works is a really deserving cause, for our generation especially has many and important things to learn from him."

The author is Henry George and the book is *PROGRESS AND POVERTY: An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depression and of the Increase of Want with the Increase of Wealth.* The new edition, bound in red cloth, 406 pages, is on sale at one shilling or by post 1s. 3d. from the publishers: Henry George Foundation, 96 Petty France, S.W.1. Inquire also for other shilling titles and full list of publications dealing with social and economic subjects.

approaching doom? A hundred years before, when the Reform Bill was making its laborious progress through Parliament, there were riots all over England, the peers came to blows in the Upper House (they never did that in 1910) and poor Queen Adelaide was pelted with stones. Similar—though less tumultuous scenes—marked the passing of some of Mr. Gladstone's legislation. The privileged and propertied classes have always known how to fight to the last ditch. As a humble but old-fashioned believer in progress I should say that such scenes were not portents of the approaching doom of Liberalism, but clear proofs that good progress was being made.

ROGER FULFORD

NEW NOVELS

SINCE every reviewer has a certain type of writing which he prefers, and since he gradually tends only to pay attention to those books which belong to it, it is a good thing for criticism that he should lie up for a time and give other kinds of masterpiece a chance to be discovered. My own views about the novel are getting fairly stale by now; it is, as you must be tired of hearing, the most natural form, I think, for the prose writers of this age with creative leanings, but it is also the most natural form for anybody who wants to make fifty pounds in a hurry. The unceasing flow of bad novels, besides bringing the novel into disrepute, also affects the good novelist. The pace of production is increased and he has to keep up with it. The reviewer also, who sees the new novels moving past him on a belt which, like the one in *Modern Times*, is always being accelerated, falls a victim and after a few months picks out first the books which he knows beforehand he will enjoy, then seizes the shortest and peppiest and is inevitably in danger of neglecting worthy but massive and not obviously appetising works. Personally, I like short books better than long ones, American novels better than English, books by men on the whole better than books by women, dislike translations except from the French, and find all historical novels unreadable. I prefer what are vaguely called realistic novels to fantastic ones, enjoy a crime interest, or a scatological flavour, as a schoolboy ploughing through English history enjoys Charles II or Henry VIII, and seldom read more than a hundred pages except of the top books each week. If I can't get to page 100 it may be my fault, if I can't get beyond it, it must be the author's. These are my qualifications to be a novel reviewer, and if I stated them frankly I wonder what chance I should have of employment. I have been told that if my criticisms were taken to heart everyone would write like Evelyn Waugh. Let them try. The fact remains that I can find very little to recommend this week—if you like, for instance, to feel the huge elephantine paw of Nordic whimsy slap you on the back, you might try *Guest of Reality* by Pär Lagervist (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*). *So I Killed Her*, by Leonard Mosley (Michael Joseph, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a murder story which shows promise for a first novel but is too long drawn out to be convincing, and is rather in the manner of Mr. Claude Houghton. It is very capable, however, for a young man of twenty-three. *Think of the Earth*, by Bertram Brooker (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is another murder story with a mystical flavour; the idea behind it is original, but the going is bad:

> "But why *you*?" she demanded, quickly.
>
> He flung a second sudden look at her. "Most of all—*me*," he whispered.
>
> He was about to get up, but her two hands swiftly grasped his arm. "We don't know each other, but . . ."
>
> Her voice broke and she threw her head back to inhale a deep, trembling breath. Immediately his manner changed. He looked at her as he had on the verandah, when he was carrying her in. "Ask me anything," he said. "Tell me, then," she said, severely, "why I must forget *you*."
>
> "No, that is the one thing you mustn't ask me."
>
> "Ah, you see," she sighed.
>
> He stretched out his hand as though to touch her. "Well, yes," he said, "I *will* tell you! *That*, really, is why you can ask me everything else. To-morrow I shall—I shall be gone."
>
> "You are going away?"
>
> He hesitated and then answered abruptly: "Yes."
>
> "You mean," she faltered, "you'll not come back?"
>
> He nodded his head slowly, three or four times, so that she knew he was determined not to speak.

I am sorry to treat you to such a long piece of dialogue, but I quote it to show that there really is some justification for reviewers going off their heads and groaning and grumbling all the time. To the author, spinning out his own uninventiveness to the length required by the publisher, it is just half a page nearer to his cheque and to seeing his name in print; to the reviewer it is so much torture, and to the reader it is something which he may smile at at the time, but which must ultimately poison him against the novel, causing him to lay up stores of resentment which the repetition, by an innocent and better writer, of one of Mr. Brooker's clichés—the next book he reads of somebody flinging perhaps—will infallibly release. I can only find one decent book for this week, *Nobody Talks Politics*, by Geoffrey Gorer (Michael Joseph, 8*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Gorer has written two interesting travel books and the best book of all about the Marquis de Sade, he is, in fact, a mature, individual, and extremely intelligent young writer. *Nobody Talks Politics* begins with a short satirical novel, in which an undergraduate of 1924 (when nothing mattered but the art of enjoyment and the enjoyment of art) comes back to life after ten years' coma due to a lemur bite and finds all his friends gone entirely political. He studies several parties, the highbrow Communists, the psycho-analysts, the lowbrow Fascists, the isolationists, the Left-wing Tories, the scheming and dowdy Socialists, the defenders of culture and believers in freedom, and, sustained by a somewhat Sade-like hatred of the human race, he finds them all wanting. And the non-political artists that he used to know are impossible, too. The only characters he admires in the book are the Communists, but only the proletarian ones—he seems to think it impossible for a genuine Communist to come from another class. The Left-wing Tory, also, comes out of it pretty well. At the end of the novel is an essay on "our political intelligentsia," which is excellent reading and contains by far the best adverse criticism of Mr. Wyndham Lewis that has so far been made, with a restatement of that Communist point of view which Mr. Gorer finds, with reservations, to be on the whole the most intelligent point of view available. I think he is too hard on the Labour Party, which (though obviously far from perfect) by its very primness and gentility is able to proceed constitutionally and therefore to get things done or stop things being done more quickly than extreme parties outside Parliament. In other words, while to be a Communist, anarchist, Surrealist, or I.L.P. man is to be logically sounder, to be a Socialist is to vote and consequently to feel minutely responsible for the checks that parliamentary censure impose on government. As a novel, *Nobody Talks Politics* suffers from the slight woodenness of most works of fiction that are written to a thesis, but it is packed with good jokes and readable and intelligent criticism—I like, for instance, his note on the novel: "masterpieces were still occupied with aspidistras and the smell of cabbage, with family pedigrees (devoting special attention to the great-grandmother, the bachelor uncle, and the great grand-daughter) and slightly indecent anecdotes made respectable by a quarter of a million words and the trappings of another century." But when he talks of being bitten by a young female lemur called Rosie, in the North Mammal House, he comes perilously near libel. As the donor of the Zoo's young female lemur, called, incidentally, Murasaki, I can assure Mr. Gorer that her bites, though extremely painful, are not narcotic—besides, she only bites women.

I have not found many good novels in the lot I have reviewed in the last nine months, and the good ones have not been by established authors; as they are mostly forgotten by now, I should like to recall them to you. Of satirical novels I have enjoyed *The Bad Companions* by Maurice Richardson (Miles), a gay and picaresque affair, *A Shroud as Well as a Shirt* by Shamus Frazer (Chapman and Hall), more political than the other, but also amusing, and *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* by George Orwell (Gollancz), a book which I think I underpraised, for the memory of the appalling experiences which the author so incisively describes remains undimmed. He drills farther down into the wisdom-tooth of poverty, probes each decayed root with a skill that other literary dentists must envy—envy as they squirm. *Indian Tea* was another light and readable satire, an excellent first novel (Aileen Smiles, Constable). Of American novels the best that have come my way have been *Flowering Judas* (Katharine Anne Porter, Cape), *Men and Brethren* by J. G. Cozzens (Longmans), *If I Have Four Apples* (Josephine Lawrence, Harrap) and *The Asiatics* by Frederic Prokosch (Chatto, 8*s.* 6*d.*), a remarkable first novel. Of other novels I recommend *This My Hand* by Christopher Caudwell (Hamish Hamilton), a peculiar murder story, *The African Witch* by Joyce Cary (Gollancz, 8*s.* 6*d.*) about Africa, *Strange Coast* by Liam Pawle (Dickson) about the Caucasus, *Guilty in the Tropics* (Edmund Whitman, Gollancz), a talkie novel about South America, and *The Camel*, Lord Berner's refreshing short novel of English rural life in the beautiful Adela Quebec country.

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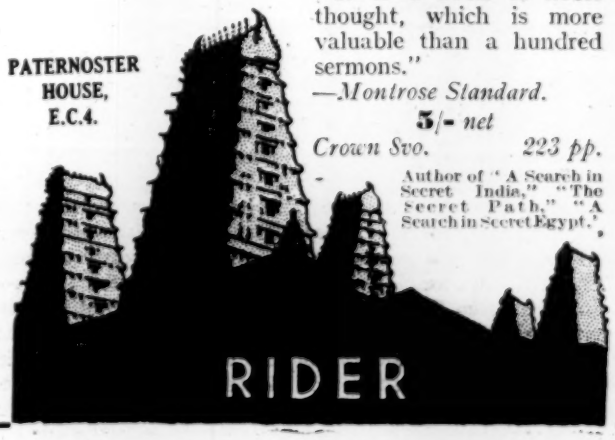

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A CLASSIC

Lenin. Selected Works. Vols. I-IV. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 5s. each.

These volumes are the first two monthly instalments of an ample selection of Lenin's works which, when complete, will be twelve in number. The present volumes reach up to the outbreak of the great war. They therefore enable us to know a Lenin who, at its commencement, was a figure hardly known outside socialist circles in Western Europe, and, even among them, only to those of a revolutionary outlook. He was unknown, even by name, to Mr. and Mrs. Webb; Lord Snowden has recently testified in his autobiography that he had never met him; and I think I am right in saying that the same was true of Keir Hardie and of Arthur Henderson. Indeed, of British Socialists who were active in the movement before the war, I think Mr. Brailsford is the only well-known figure who was aware of his significance. So little did prominence without a parliamentary position mean in the Second International in those days. The British movement knew Jaurès and Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg and Schudeman. It knew nothing of Lenin or of Trotsky. That is a significant comment on its pre-war character.

For these volumes reveal a Lenin of immense proportions. There is no aspect of the field of politics upon which he does not write significantly. On the foundations, there is the masterly analysis of imperialism. On strategy, there is the famous "Two Tactics of Social Democracy," and the "One Step Forward, Two Steps Back." On economics there is the profoundly illuminating commentary on the development of capitalism in Russia. On tactics there is a whole mass of brief but pungent letters and articles which reveal the man with the eye to see and the hand to execute the essential manoeuvre at the essential moment. The student of the theory and practice of politics will find these volumes literally indispensable. Nowhere else is what may be called the philosophy and art of revolution set out with an insight into its problems so ultimate in character.

It is not necessary to agree with all Lenin says to recognise from these pages that he was a very great man. That emerges less, I think, in the style of what is said than in the peculiar architectonic quality of his thought. His power lay, on the one hand, in the range of the interests he swept into the generalisations he made, and, on the other, in his amazing power to see significant details. Intensity of insight, width of vision, a philosophy which gave him a clue to the movement in which he was involved, a whole-hearted absorption in the task for which he never ceased to make himself more fitted—these are the characteristics which stand out in these pages. There is none of Trotsky's bravura. There is little of the picturesqueness which made Stepniak and Kropotkin heroic names to the England of their time. But there is a massive realism, a power to see into the minds of ordinary people, a sense of the degree to which those minds, in their formidable totality, shape, and are shaped by, historic events which, to my mind, are unsurpassed. There are, too, a humility and a selflessness which proclaim a temper for which I think saintliness is the only fitting term. This it is, I think, which explains the depth of Lenin's hold over the Russian masses once he had attained power. He would have been an historic figure for them simply because he had won a revolution which was one of the significant events of history. But he became, also, a beloved figure because his victory was so fundamentally their own. Napoleon, Mussolini, Hitler, Kemal, they can be separated from the events over which they presided. Lenin's life is those events. He is the Russian people incarnate at the supreme moment of its historic revolution. Apart from it, he has no life. With it, his personality looms majestic over all that it achieved.

It is difficult to think of any other man of similar proportions of whom this is true in the same way. The inner life of most great men has a significance and a suggestiveness all its own; that is true even of men like Marx. But the inner life of Lenin is not withdrawn from its public context; it is simply an extension of it. These volumes, accordingly, are not merely the works of Lenin; they are, in a special sense, his biography. They reveal the quiet audacity, the relentless rejection of compromise, the white-hot determination, the unending courage, which are of his inner essence. It may have been easy to hate Lenin when one was fighting him; it must have been impossible not to respect him. He is the incarnation of principle, unmovable, unhesitating, inflexible. No man in modern history has known more clearly his mission; and none has worked out with a clarity so supreme the adjustment of means to ends. The reader of these pages will know more, at their close, of what makes a revolution than by any other method save the making of it. They belong to the unmistakable classics of our generation. HAROLD J. LASKI

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BETTER DOCTORING?

A Hundred Years of Medicine. By WYNDHAM E. B. LLOYD. *Duckworth.* 15s.

Those who like their history served up in sensational journalese, so written as to give an impression of breathless enthusiasm or indignation—the form in which so many recent popular medical histories have been presented—will be disappointed with Dr. Lloyd's accurate and unemotional book. The facts are reliable, are well and carefully arranged in order, and the reader is allowed, with one or two trifling exceptions, to come to his own conclusions and to form his own judgments. *A Hundred Years of Medicine* is informative, not propagandist; and if the author's style is a little pedestrian and phraseologically conventional, the book will prove readable to many who dislike being shouted at. It is, in fact, an excellent work for any intelligent layman or medical student who wishes to form a just, unexaggerated view of the changes that have, in the last hundred years, taken place in the practice of medicine and surgery, and of the progress that has been made in the sciences relevant to those arts. The method adopted in this work is to treat each contribution to practical medicine separately, and to trace it from its origins, rather than to survey the whole field in chronological order. The clarifying advantages of this method are obvious.

Although it is in those sciences that bear more particularly on medicine that the greatest number of important discoveries have been made, the art of surgery has made a far greater advance than has that of curative medicine. It is to three things—anæsthesia, asepsis, and, latterly, X-rays—that almost all the amazing surgical progress of the last thirty or forty years is due. The squalor and uncleanliness of the average hospital at the beginning of the last century are illustrated by the celebrated Dr. Lettsom's youthful protest against the fussiness of his teacher the poet Mark Akenside, "in not allowing spitting in the wards."

Sir James Simpson, in his statistical investigations of "Hospitalism," reported that in one hospital five out of every twelve patients who underwent amputation died, "for the most part of sepsis." Even in my own student days, the surgeons at my hospital wore greasy old frock-coats in the operating theatre; and I remember a surgeon who had just finished an operation asking the house-surgeon if there were any more operations "before I wash my hands." Naturally enough, certain isolation wards were set apart for cases of septicæmia and pyæmia—these wards were generally full—and an appalling proportion of relatively simple operations proved fatal, although the manipulative technique of those days was as skilful as that of to-day. It is the change in operative environment—that is, the adoption of aseptic methods—which not only has made traditional operations safer, but has also made possible surgical feats that in the most skilled hands would inevitably have spelt death fifty years ago. Here are some interesting figures. In St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1848 there were 397 surgical beds, and the average number of operations a year was 370, of which 78 were amputations. In 1912, the surgical beds numbered 390; but there were in that year 3,561 operations, of which only 25 were amputations. Great indeed must be the number of limbs, as well as of lives, saved every month through antiseptic surgical practice.

Vast, however, as has been the contribution of surgery to the increase of average longevity, numerically far greater has been the life-saving consequent on the application of scientific discoveries to collective hygienic practice, both against disease in general and against certain diseases in particular. The stories of the wonderful and often heroic fights that have been waged against the great tropical scourges are fairly well known; though most readers will find some unfamiliar bits of history in Dr. Lloyd's book. The chronicle of sanitary advance in this country is probably even more familiar. Nor has curative and remedial medicine remained stationary, even though so large a part of medical practice is still almost mediaeval. There are, however, reasons for believing that a fundamental change is imminent in this department. Rarely are means found for the immediate therapeutic utilisation of new scientific knowledge, however relevant; but scarcely a quarter passes without some new supplemental discovery making it possible to apply in practice a fact in immunology, endocrinology, the science of nutrition, or other branch of biochemistry—pigeon-holed, perhaps, five or ten years earlier.

HARRY ROBERTS

MEXICO AND MESOPOTAMIA

Mexico. By THOMAS GANN. *Lovat Dickson.* 6s.
Mesopotamia. By SETON LLOYD. *Lovat Dickson.* 6s.

An archæologist should be the happiest of men. His work is of absorbing interest. It takes him into distant quarters of the globe. It is arduous and extremely technical; yet it provides him, now and then, with all the excitement of discovery—with an emotion comparable to that of the artist, explorer or fortunate lover, when the earth suddenly opens to disclose his reward. Both *Mexico* and *Mesopotamia*—the third and fourth volumes respectively in a useful and inexpensive series—have been written by professional archæologists. Both are packed with information, simply written and well illustrated; but, speaking as a member of the uninstructed public, I should say that in neither of them was the method of approach entirely satisfactory. Mr. Seton Lloyd writes better than his companion; but he makes the mistake of relegating the historical part of his study to the end of the book, and of starting off with a detailed description of sites and diggings. He does not allow for his public's ignorance, and, assuming that a reader's knowledge of Mesopotamian cultures is somewhat vague and that, in his mind, such words as "Sumerian" and "Akkadian" cover a whole host of inexactitudes, he may lose his sense of direction in the earlier chapters. Nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd has produced a readable and lively work; and particularly stimulating is his account of how, at the Tell Asmar site, after the floor of a certain room had been cleaned and photographed, he noticed an old Turcoman, who was scraping away at a far corner, drive in his knife, revealing a large cavity beneath the ancient floor level. A match was struck:

> On top were three clean and almost undamaged alabaster statues, with the light of day glinting on the lapis-lazuli and polished bone of their inlaid eyes for the first time in five thousand years; while, disappearing into the darkness beneath were the black-painted beards and tresses of others. . . . It took two days to disentangle and extract them. At the end of that time twelve almost undamaged statues of men and women had come to light, including a kneeling, naked priest, unique in Sumerian art. . . . Finally, lying side by side at the bottom of the shaft were the first cult statues ever found in Sumer, a god and goddess very nearly half life-size, and of awe-inspiring appearance. Both were distinguished from their worshippers by enormous inlaid eyes, reminding one of the "all-seeing eye" of old religious pamphlets.

It would be indeed a costive imagination that failed to respond to the charm of these mysterious Sumerian divinities, whose huge orbs give them the look of some bearded tropical fish. Mr. Lloyd is wide awake to the more general interest of his theme; and he gives a vivid picture of the great New Year's festival, at which the fertility and prosperity of the land were ensured by the mystic union of a young priest and priestess, chosen to represent the powers concerned:

> Beneath the pale winter sunshine the vast, cultivated plain of Mesopotamia lies waiting for the rain. On all sides, it stretches to the farthest horizon, the monotonous skyline relieved only where a great city is reared upon its artificial mound and crowned by a stage-tower and tiny temple. Each of these *Ziggurats* is remotely visible from the next. Eridu, Ur, Larsa, Erech, Shuruppak, Adab, Nippur and many others form a chain of temples, where the preparations for the festival are reflected in the waters of the two rivers, or perhaps in some wide irrigation canal. A signal is given from city to city by the smoke of sacrifices, and the great fertility rite begins. Once a race of mountaineers, the aspiration of the Sumerians is to rise above the flatness of their surroundings and sublimate the function of their most sacred ritual upon a "high-place," which is in this case the work of their own hands.

On the whole, the existence of these ancient Mesopotamian city-states strikes one as not unenviable; though, again and again, cities and temples were razed to the ground—to be rebuilt on the same foundations sometimes as often as twenty-five times. When we think of life in the Aztec world, however, we immediately visualise the glittering temple pyramids, described by Bernal Diaz, where the shrine that crowned the apex of the building was thickly encrusted with dried human blood and the priests themselves had long hair matted in solid ropes by the blood that had spurted from the heart of the sacrifice. Never before had human

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sacrifice been conducted on so ambitious a scale; yet such is the perversity of human nature that we should probably be quite mistaken if we thought of the Aztecs as a race groaning in terror and misery beneath the yoke of a bigoted and bloodthirsty priesthood. For the Aztec warrior regarded sacrifice as the noblest form of death that he could hope to meet—a fitting end to a gallant and distinguished career. Certainly, he seems to have preferred death by sacrifice to death in battle or by disease; and it would appear that the Aztec priests took care that their victims should reach the sacrificial stone in a state of exultant inebriation, there to have their hearts torn out and held up, still palpitating, towards the sun. And, human sacrifice apart, Mexican civilisation before the Conquest had much to recommend it. Mr. Gann devotes interesting chapters to the Maya tribes, and to the Toltecs, Zapotecs, Mixtecs and others by whom they were succeeded; but his most absorbing section—at least from the general reader's point of view—deals with the constitution of Aztec society, which he depicts in a brisk and sympathetic style. The Aztecs had fine roads, splendid buildings, a good water-supply, an efficient police force, schools, libraries and gardens; they were fond of dancing, ball-playing and magnificent clothes. Human happiness, after all, is strictly relative. We have no reason to suppose that they deplored their lot.

P. Q.

IRISH LITERATURE

Irish Literature and Drama in the English Language: A Short History. By STEPHEN GWYNN. *Nelson.* 6s.

The Irish literary revival of the last generation had a more remarkable "press" than any other movement of its kind. The members of the old Irish Parliamentary Party, with the exception of T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Gwynn himself, were not addicted to letters, but the corporal presence of an Irish question both at Westminster and in Fleet Street kept a movement, remarkable for its excited gestures and loquacity, before the eye and ear of an English public. Mr. Gwynn pays a tribute in his preface to Irish-London journalism, but he does not mention this aspect of the movement, though part of his purpose is to trace the connection between the literary revival and the modern intensification of national and revolutionary ideas. Unfortunately, the extravagance of the Celtic Twilight and of that horrible potato blight commonly known as Kiltartan has been left to the vagaries of fashion—and radical criticism has been entirely absent. It is more than sixteen years since Ernest Boyd's useful historical survey appeared, and Mr. Gwynn's short history seems, from a critical point of view, opportune.

Many years ago Mr. Gwynn wrote an excellent monograph on Thomas Moore in the English Men of Letters Series. He begins his brief history with this much abused poet and, as a tribute, no doubt, to the Ireland of to-day, restores him to his place as an Irish man of letters. Of Moore, Maria Edgeworth, Carleton and other writers of the past Mr. Gwynn has written often and still writes well, since repetition in itself can be a fine art. In his discussion, however, of the modern literary movement we must definitely accuse him of a lack of seriousness. He writes as genially of the period of the Eloquent Dempsey and The Pot of Broth as if the old Irish Party were still speechifying at Westminster. As a historian his sense of values and of proportions is curious. Four pages are devoted to the pleasant collaborators of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* and the early George Birmingham, while half of a contemptuous line is devoted to A. E.'s prose and a single paragraph to the entire work of George Moore. Edmund Wilson, Eliot, Wyndham Lewis and other modern critics have thrown into relief the later work of Mr. Yeats. But Mr. Gwynn does not appear to be acquainted with the modern attitude and remains faithful to the poet's Celtic Twilight past. Of Joyce Mr. Gwynn writes cautiously, remarking of *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, "If it be a study of a diseased soul in a diseased country: that is how Joyce saw himself and saw Ireland." He is more positive on questions of fact and observes, "Alone of the outstanding names in this literature Joyce never touched the drama." Nevertheless, Joyce's three-act play, *Exiles*, first published in 1918, has just been reissued in a popular edition.

Although Mr. Gwynn sets out to trace the interaction of political and literary influences, he tells us nothing about the "abstentionist" poets of the revolutionary period. Yet a reader in search of information might wish to know something about the work of such writers as Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett, to mention a few. But numerous errors of fact suggest that Mr. Gwynn has relied on hearsay and table-talk. He tells us that Arthur Griffith, the founder of Sinn Fein, was the son of an Englishman. If this were true, it would suggest that Griffith was a newcomer: actually, the Griffith family was established in Ireland for at least five generations. To take but another instance—in describing the Abbey row over *The Plough and the Stars*, Mr. Gwynn tells us that the voice of Pearse is heard outside the window, "speaking actual words from the address with which he proclaimed the Republic." Had Mr. Gwynn taken the trouble as a historian to acquaint himself with the historic Proclamation of Easter Week, or even to read the play, he would have discovered the egregiousness of this mistake.

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An American Experiment. By E. M. HUGH-JONES and E. A. RADICE. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

Social Security in the United States. By PAUL H. DOUGLAS. *McGraw-Hill.* 18s.

There has been, since 1933, no shortage of brightly written works explaining the New Deal, its accretions and vicissitudes, to the general reader, and Messrs. Hugh-Jones and Radice no doubt run some risk of seeing their book dismissed as just one more of a not very luminous series. But they have, for the British public at all events, an advantage not shared by most of their predecessors; they write as Englishmen, with the perspective of British and European experience to guide them, and they write dispassionately, having no axes to grind. Moreover, they write well, and considering the fearful complexities, obscurities and contradictions of their subject they make themselves as clear as one has any right to expect.

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a close discussion of the last four years of experiment in the fields of finance, private and public, industry, labour, agriculture and social service—always with an eye to the underlying clash of the individualist tradition against social responsibility, State rights against Federal powers, Big Business against the common man. On the whole it is a disappointing story which they have to tell; a story of idealism frustrated or exploited, of opportunities missed through shortsightedness or faint-heartedness, of public spirit hamstrung by vested interests, and of the dead hand of the sacrosanct Constitution. Doubtless the numerous instances in which the New Dealers have retraced their steps and cut their losses appear more remarkable to the British mentality than to the American, whose "scrap-and-replace" policy is not limited to material things; doubtless, too, some of the components of the experiment were doomed from their conception not by the sinfulness of politicians, industrialists or labour leaders, but by their own inherent weakness. But on the whole the reader is left with the impression that the mountains which laboured so mightily in 1933 have brought forth—up to the moment at all events—a rather pitiful litter of frequently still-born mice.

Some results have been achieved. The worst of the disequilibrium between agricultural and industrial prices has been remedied—at the cost of a serious rise in the wage-earner's cost of living; unemployment has been reduced—though the fall is a mere fraction of what was promised; banking stability has been attained—till the next wave of speculation gathers way; there is some hope that if the Social Security Act is not finally proclaimed unconstitutional America may reduce the lag between her social institutions and those of most European countries from a century to thirty or so. And there is always the Tennessee Valley Authority. Indeed, it seems likely that when the wreckage of the N.R.A., the A.A.A., and other victims of the Supreme Court is cleared away, the most important outcome of the 1933 ferment will be seen to be on the one hand the intangibles—the new sense of responsibility and solidarity which will sooner or later, Constitution or no Constitution, find some expression in organised social security; the new germs—they are hardly more—of a recognised status for organised labour; the dethronement of the Big Business Executive ideal; and on the other hand the Tennessee Valley Authority, alone among the institutions of the New Deal in representing a coherent and considered long-term plan.

It is at least arguable that the authors have in some respects got their emphasis wrong, notably in their anxiety to present the American problem as it appears to Americans—that is, as one of internal regulation and development. Tariff policy, for instance, gets little attention; the names of Hawley and Smoot, those efficient auxiliary architects of world depression, do not appear in the index. Nor is there anything much said about the causes and results of America's lack of the administrative personnel and standards necessary to put the New Deal into effect. But these are gaps which a reasonably well-informed reader can fill in for himself, and they do not seriously detract from the value of an extremely useful and well-balanced book.

Those anxious to investigate further one of the burning questions treated in *An American Experiment* can find an exhaustive study in *Social Security in the United States*, described as "an analysis and appraisal of the Federal Social Security Act." Written primarily for the social student rather than the general reader, it will serve as a valuable reference book on all matters of social welfare legislation in the United States, from old-age pensions to unemployment insurance. Incidentally it shows the author as that sympathetic character, a partisan doing his level best to be fair.

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RELUCTANT DIVORCE REFORM

Marriage and Divorce: The English Point of View. By LORD MERRIVALE. *Allen and Unwin.* 2s. 6d.

Neither the advocates of divorce law reform nor its opponents are likely to be enthusiastic about this book of the late President of the Divorce Court, but both will read it with profit. Both are apt to deserve the scathing criticism made by Florence Nightingale of many of those who proferred help to her: they do not want to hear facts; they want to be enthusiastic.

Lord Merrivale's standpoint is sound. "Forty-five millions of population—a figure toward which we seem to be steadily advancing—would mean English households numbering some nine millions; and it is for these millions of households, with their membership of fathers and mothers and children, that the safeguards of marriage must be upheld. The fact of marriage is their foundation, and it is hard to think that in any large proportion of them divorce can be regarded otherwise than with concern, if not loathing." Marriage is "the basis upon which the framework of society is built" and we cannot tolerate any "tampering with the foundations of its well-being." Lord Merrivale has a short chapter on "Roman Degeneracy" and quotes Gibbon that "a specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue." "How striking a declaration," adds Lord Merrivale, "from an author so unbiased."

But practical experience has taught Lord Merrivale (though he reveals himself as a very reluctant pupil) that divorce is a necessary safety-valve. He examines conditions in this country in the times of "Henry VIII and After," but he does not convince that a law which allows divorce for adultery and for nothing else has any solid foundations, Christian or otherwise. Later on in the book he writes that "as things are [to-day], divorce by arrangement is easily brought about by unscrupulous persons," and herein lies the justification of those who believe in a new approach being made to this thorny problem. That approach must surely begin with acceptance of the view that neither in Christian teaching nor in actual experience is adultery necessarily such as to demand or exclusively to justify divorce. Our troubles to-day arise from the mistaken view that Christ authorised divorce for adultery and for no other cause. But this book gives no indication that Lord Merrivale accepts this. His attitude, both to divorce for adultery and to the widening of the grounds for divorce, will be praised by very few. He even yearns for criminal proceedings against adulterers—as if respondents were not consenting and individual parties.

Lord Merrivale is convincing when he writes that "if marriage were more strictly regulated, due control might well be substituted for the laxity about divorce which tends to increase among the class of people who have much regard for penalties but little for decency." His Lordship could do a great public service by working out methods for reforming our procedure relating to marriage, but no plans to achieve this end are suggested in this book. Lord Merrivale also refers to the "widespread

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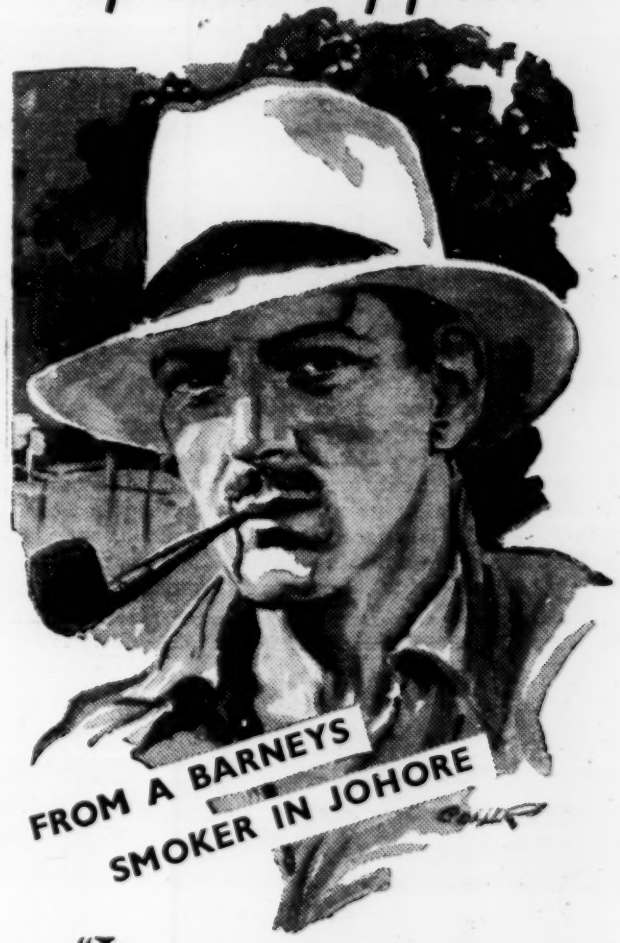

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INDEX

This issue is the last number of Volume XI (New Series). An Index to the Volume is in the course of preparation and will be sent to postal subscribers, free of charge, on application; and for one shilling, post free, to other readers.

The Publisher,
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anxiety there is for conciliatory action, which should clear up grounds of complaint between man and wife before they lead to irreparable mischief," but here again he does not follow up his line of thought. There is no sign in this book of any discontent with the working of the Poor Person's Rules. Indeed, they are described as "fully effective," yet seeing that in 1934 Londoners presented 1,692 "poor persons" petitions and the whole of the rest of the country only 1,584—the figures are Lord Merrivale's—it looks as if at least outside London relief is denied. In fact, but few "poor persons" can get divorce owing to the expense of taking witnesses to the High Court or Assizes. The proper place for the "poor person's" divorce to begin is the "Police Court," as Mr. A. P. Herbert's Bill provides. Not only would such a method eliminate much of the expense of witnesses, but it would bring such cases automatically within the social services of those courts, already good and shortly to be greatly improved. From my own experience I know that many such divorces could be prevented by wise conciliation. Lord Merrivale, who has already done so much in this direction, would be the ideal man to extend "Police Court" conciliation methods to the divorce cases of the really poor, who need so greatly something more than merely legal assistance.

CLAUD MULLINS

COUNTERBLASTS TO KNOX

Mrs. Grundy in Scotland. By WILLA MUIR. *Routledge.* 5s.

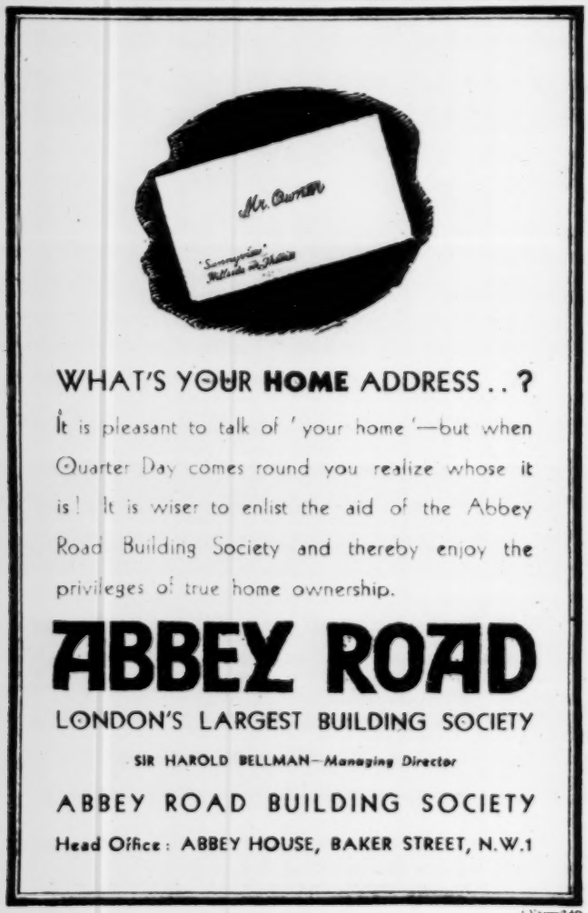
Catholicism and Scotland. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Routledge.* 5s.

Mrs. Muir's bogus biography is a delightful piece of work. It is a squib, sparkling and well-aimed. It is no easy feat to maintain a note of ironic humour throughout the development of a complex theme, or to personify a medley of unpleasant social phenomena. Very deftly, Mrs. Muir traces the career of Mrs. Grundy, born Dame Grundy in an otherwise unimportant comedy first staged in 1798, a farmer's wife who never appeared on the stage but remained a bugbear in the background: a sonsie body who set an impalpable criterion in everything—*What will Mrs. Grundy say?* Track of Mrs. Grundy's social growth may be kept in the pages of *Punch*. She early becomes an urban character, and, by 1878, a member of the bourgeoisie. By 1891 she has lost her accent and is patently of the upper-middle classes. Eventually Mrs. Muir suspects her of becoming Lady Grundy.

To do the more involved case of Scotland justice, Mrs. Muir neatly duplicates her heroine: here there is both Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. MacGrundy. Nowadays, however, a third old lady has seized power: an old lady with a London residence in Threadneedle Street. The aristocrat's exclusiveness melts like snow before her golden touch. The B.O. advertisements promise social sufficiency in return for a trifling outlay where once it was only to be had by gaining the approval of Mrs. Grundy. In Scotland Grundy is an intruder and a snob: MacGrundy is native, no snob, but a hell-cat with a kirk background. To-day she is the more moribund of the two, but Mrs. Muir drops an awful hint in conclusion that she may succeed in staging a come-back.

Any Scot wishing to make a re-assessment of his country's history after the portentous misrepresentations proffered him by the standard Scottish Presbyterian historian, may make a start by reading *Catholicism and Scotland*. He will then perhaps be purged and able to begin his own investigations. Mr. Mackenzie has set about his task conscientiously, and his historical outline is firmly drawn. But, while bias becomes the Catholic better than the Protestant with his claim to individual freedom of faith, Mr. Mackenzie weakens his case in the handling of detail. He is betrayed by his use of adjectives, profuse when applied to Protestant vice, absent when Catholic aberration and weakness are under discussion. He is also, as, in passing, is Mrs. Muir, unfair to the long-suffering Episcopalian Church of Scotland. It is strange to suggest that the outcome of Scottish Protestantism could have been the same had the more dignified creed prevailed. Mr. Mackenzie's chapter on the present, with reference to sectarian disturbances in Scotland and Belfast, is apt and timely.

GEORGE SCOTT MONCRIEFF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The Dictator Resigns. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Methuen.* 3s. 6d.

It is not easy to catalogue the attributes required by a modern dictator. A prominent jaw, an exaggerated scowl, a good pair of lungs, a supreme contempt for his fellow human beings and a fierce hatred of Jews, Marxists, foreigners or any other easily definable body of undesirables—some of these characteristics at any rate must be regarded as indispensable. Professor Joad possesses none of them and he soon finds it necessary to resign the plenary powers conferred upon him by his publishers. Appalled by the devastating efficiency of the weapons at his command, he concludes that they may be used to instil qualities of obedience, uniformity and discipline; in short, precisely those qualities which may justify and maintain the almighty power assumed by the dictator. They can never be used to make people happy. Professor Joad, therefore, contents himself with a general review of the household and national gods that he would have assailed had he been able to overcome his incurable liberalism. At one stroke he would make an end of the cruelties inflicted on human beings in the name of virtue and the barbarities inflicted on animals in the name of sport. Puritans, jerrybuilders and gamekeepers would all find themselves inmates of his concentration camps. Altogether, this book provides an eloquent denunciation of the needless sufferings imposed upon us by the reign of superstition, chastity and profit.

Plutarch's Moralia, Vols. IV and V, translated by FRANK COLE BABBITT; **Aristotle,** (Minor Works), translated by W. S. HETT; **Sextus Empiricus,** Vol. III, translated by REV. R. G. BURY; **Sidonius,** (Poems and Letters), Vol. I, with translation, introduction and notes by W. B. ANDERSON. Loeb Classical Library. *Heinemann.* 10s. (cloth), 12s. 6d. (leather), each volume.

This latest batch of the always welcome "Loebs" includes three Greek authors and one Latin. The two Plutarch volumes, translated by the late Professor Babbitt of Connecticut, contain both the "Roman Questions" and the "Greek Questions" as well as other important treatises in the *Moralia*. Sextus Empiricus the Sceptic is now complete in his three volumes. Aristotle's Minor Works comprise a dozen or so tracts of varying value. But it is to Gaius Sollius Apollinaris Sidonius that students of the classics will turn with the keenest interest. Professor Anderson has lavished great pains on this curious and little-known author, and he gives us here the first English translation of the Poems, together with an excellent account of the life and times of Sidonius. Sidonius was a Gallo-Roman of the fifth century, who had a chequered career in the period when the Empire of the West was tottering to its fall. In his earlier years he served the State in various high offices; he ended as a Bishop. Neither his verse nor his prose is anywhere near great literature; it is indeed often absurdly bad. But he is a lively author who throws a good deal of light on the history of his age.

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Glance through our "smalls" pages this week and see for yourself the varied appeals and interests which they represent. Some time or other, if not now, there will be something which you wish to sell or buy, some service which you need or wish to offer. In the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION you have a means of exchange between tens of thousands of men and women like yourself, at a cost which compares very favourably with any other journal of this class.

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The Birth of Ulster. By CYRIL FALLS. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Falls' study of the birth-pangs and birth of modern Ulster is most attractively written, and his descriptions of the turbulent years that preceded the Plantation are as vivid and lucid as literary craft and military knowledge can make them. In the opening pages the Celtic culture before the English intrusion is perhaps unduly disparaged, in the manner of a well-to-do and God-fearing householder describing the unseemly behaviour of the quarrelsome Bohemian family next door. Mr. Falls, however, Ulsterman though he be, does strive so to see the Irish point of view, and if he fails, who, save those who look out from it, have ever understood it? The bulk of the book is concerned with Elizabethan policies and campaigns, which culminated at last, under James, in the flight of the Earls, the seizure of their domains, and the parcelling out of the land among Squires and Yeomen from England, nobles and burghers from Scotland, and citizens of London. The book has one great value, it shows the reader very clearly why Ulster to-day is what it is, and its people of both races and creeds what they are.

Seasonal Variations in Employment. By C. T. SAUNDERS. *Longmans.* 15s.

Since the war, and particularly since the slump, there has been an understandable tendency among students of the unemployment problem to concentrate on the one hand on the obstinate, long-run unemployment of the depressed areas and on the other on the year-to-year fluctuations of the trade cycle. Comparatively little attention has been paid, in this country, at least, to the casual or seasonal unemployment which exercised economists and administrators before the war. Yet the latter accounts on an average for some ten per cent. even of the swollen post-war totals, and represents a painful element of uncertainty and insecurity in the life of over three-quarters of the insured workers of the country. In *Seasonal Variations in Employment*, Mr. Saunders sets out first to estimate the degrees of seasonality in different industries and to indicate the number of workers affected, then to study in detail a selection of those in which seasonality is most marked—the building and allied trades, motor and cycle manufacture, clothing, and the purely seasonal trades such as holiday catering. The book is valuable both for its factual information and for the guide to further sources which it affords; and it casts a particularly interesting light on the way in which both seasonality and casual employment tend to perpetuate themselves and reinforce one another. The underlying effects of weather or social custom are exaggerated in their effects by trade practices, seasonal trades attract casual labour at peak periods, and the presence of the resulting large reserve pool of casuals encourages employers to neglect the Exchanges, which might otherwise act as a stabilising influence. Significant, too, is the extent to which in the clothing trade workers are immobilised and dovetailing of occupations prevented, even within the same firm, by the short-sighted preference both of employers and employed for a short training period which qualifies the learner for one process only. Here a tightening up of Trade Board standards seems to be called for. Mr. Saunders has no simple remedy to propose, nor does he believe that seasonal unemployment can be wholly done away with. After all, the world will not agree to honour February as highly as August as a holiday month, nor to burn a winter ration of coal in mid-summer. But the individually small suggestions of his final chapter might well, if put into practice, have a cumulatively considerable effect in reducing to a minimum this by no means unimportant fraction of the unemployment problem.

The Literary Career of Sir Joshua Reynolds. By FREDERICK WHILEY HILLES. *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

This is one of those thorough and intensive studies for which we are indebted to American erudition and research. Professor Hilles is concerned not with Sir Joshua the painter, but with the man who aspired to be a writer and who in his day was admitted to the company of writers as one of themselves. He traces this gentle variety of the master of another art through his own confessions and published works, and the statements of his friends; he shows us from existing manuscripts how laboriously he struggled to justify his claims, how chary he was of publicly acknowledging the help that was given him, and he sifts very carefully the ascriptions of passages put forward as Sir Joshua's, to Johnson and others. Could he have given the same study he gave to painting to writing, his natural felicity of thought would have carried him far. The *Discourses* are the product of a remarkably alert and critical intellect.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 328

Set by Frederick Laws

A recently published intelligence test demanded that the correct alternatives should be underlined in the following statement: "Each of the Concubines of King Solomon was a kind of wife, servant, *mistress*, nurse. King Solomon was anomalous, idolatrous, adulterous, *polygamous*." The usual prizes are offered for a short comment on any historical figure containing three sets of alternatives which would give the examinee a reasonable chance of exhibiting his political opinions, ignorance, or sense of humour.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 3rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 326

Set by K. John

Every language has its own "good" words—for instance, we are always hearing that foreigners have no word for "home." It has been suggested that the most amusing international language would be one with a mixed vocabulary selected for uniqueness and force from all the principal European tongues. The usual prizes are offered for a list of ten English words to be included in this language. When the thing named is also of local origin—as in "football" and "radio"—the word will rank low.

Report by K. John

This competition was highly popular, and distressingly hard to judge. In the first place, I must admit incompetence: I have *not* the intimate knowledge of all European languages which is required. But then a number of the competitors gave no sign of knowing *any*. One or two, with simple feeling, put down all the noblest words that occurred to them—*courage, honour, chaste, fearless, sublime, grand. Father, mother, dog-lover* and *friend* also made their appearance. (On the other hand, one lady, reacting differently, began *maggot, skunk, buttocks, retch,* and went on in the same spirit.) There was a contingent of "poetic" words, usually the same ones—*forlorn, sorrow, whisper, sleep.* The warning about "local origin" was much neglected, but only three words seemed to me good and useful enough to justify this neglect—*club, sport, week-end.* Often, between the rival claims of exclusiveness and expressiveness, I felt quite at a loss; though a few words, such as *snob* and *gentleman,* have both, and were great favourites. (*Lady,* though almost equally good, was rare.) Other excellent choices were *tip, crank, fug, blurb, slogan, highbrow* and *diehard*; no one, to my surprise, thought of *baby,*

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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CORNWALL, FOWEY. Highly recommended Board Residence. Modern house, excellent cuisine. Boating, bathing, yachting, golf, country walks. MISS A. GARLAND, "Wellside," Polruan.

YORKSHIRE DALES, 1 m. Aysgarth. Comfortable guest-house for energetic or restful holidays, full or partial board-residence. Garage. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, Ireland. London 10 hrs. Dublin 16 m. Charming cottage; unique situation, open moors, large gardens, own fruit and vegetables, excellent cooking. Terms: YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

WORTHING. Channel View Hotel, Marine Parade. Full South. Noted cuisine. Every mod. conv. Write RESIDENT PROPRIETORESS for illus. Tariff. Tele.: 1822.

NEW FOREST. Comfortable Guest House adjoining private woodlands. Hard tennis court. Riding, river-bathing. Garage. MRS. RUSSELL LEONARD, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

WEST HIGHLANDS. At Onich, 10 miles from Fort William, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe, there is a small, quiet and comfortable hotel where no charabanc trade is accepted. Full particulars from MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

SUSSEX. For quiet holiday in country village, near downs and sea; 35s. weekly. MRS. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, Nr. Emsworth, Hants.

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, lovely surroundings, bracing sunny situation. Excellent cuisine, diets a speciality. Separate tables, Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS GALEN LODGE.

WITHIN 3 miles West Sussex Golf Club. Delightful small guest house. Lovely downland country riding and boating facilities near by, good cooking. Mod. The Pipers' Fancy, Coldwaltham, Pulborough, Sussex.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE is now free. All paths reopened. Victoria Golf Hotel. 'Phone 2.

CARLYON BAY, CORNWALL. Stn. Par (G.W.R.): golf, covered and open-air tennis; squash rackets; shooting; fishing; badminton; glorious sea coast. THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL (St. Austell Bay Hotel), THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL, THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB. Also a few furnished cottages with grand sea views. Write: Dept. N.S., General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198. London Office: 122 Charterhouse Square E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

SEASIDE COTTAGE. Private beach, 6 rooms, verandah overlooking sea, electric light and cooking. June, 4 guineas weekly, July and September, 5 guineas weekly, August, 6 guineas weekly. FISHWICK, Camber Sands, Nr. Rye, Sussex.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE. Comfortable guest house. Close sea, country. Separate tables. Complete freedom. Moderate. Recommended. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road, Penzance.

FOR a restful holiday or week-end in beautiful country, with comfort, good feeding and personal attention, visit "The Manor House," Headcorn, Kent. Terms moderate, from Proprietors on application.

BORTH-Y-GEST and CAPEL CURIG, North Wales. Two ideally situated and highly recommended Guest Houses. Sea and mountain air. Conducted excursions (optional). Terms moderate. Illustrated brochure. S. KERR, "Towers," Capel Curig.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea, and golf. Beautifully situated. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

SALTDEAN. Private guest house, facing sea. Close beach, Downs, riding school. Excellent cooking, experienced catering. GLENDOWER, Saltdean, Brighton, Rottingdean 9552.

BARON'S GRANGE, IDEN, RYE. Delightfully peaceful Guest House; unspoilt surroundings; individual tastes studied. INSOLE.

A SELECT but inexpensive holiday camp at Cemaes Bay, Anglesey, from August 1st to 15th. Apply G. C. SMITH, 8 Prince Road, S.E.25.

PERRANPORTH, Cornwall. Are you staying at SULLY'S New Hotel? Brochure on application.

STEINACH, Tirol. 3,423 ft. Swimming bath. Good centre for excursions. Pine woods, Flowers, every comfort. Viennese cooking. Terms moderate. Hotel Weisses Rössl.

WILDERSWIL, Interlaken, Switzerland. Park-Hotel des Alpes, Pension. Finely situated close to woods and commanding many magnificent views of the Jungfrau, etc. Well appointed and comfortable in every respect with all up-to-date amentities; annexe; garage; carefully supervised cuisine. Mod. terms. MMES. E. and M. LÜTHI.

MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol; 2,100 ft. up, 10 m. Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. Terms: Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s.–8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

26 HOURS SUNWARDS.—Casa Johnstone, Tossa de Mar (Gerona), Spain. Illustrated folder.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, CAP MARTIN, facing full south in own grounds direct on sea. 'Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension. 7s. 6d. Special terms by arrangement.

NEUSTIFT, last village in Stubaital, Tirol. Innsbruck 30 km.; fine walking; starting-point for famous climbing-huts; low season pension 9 sch. inclusive; high 9–12. Baedeker stars this House. AUMAYR. Hotel Hofer.

FOR inexpensive holidays and week-ends. Roomy converted barge for sale. 16 h.p. engine. 2 cabins, living room, galley, ample deck space. Near Cambridge. £50. Box 250, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

and no one, in the hunt for uniqueness, came upon the simple and useful verb *to walk*. There were several foreign competitors; one very good list came from Denmark, and would have got a prize but for its unfortunate inclusion of two words (*good loser*) instead of one. It contained one thing no one else thought of—*understatement*. To sum up, these papers greatly increased my respect for the resources of English, and I should never have been able to decide between them but for the admission of two other points: the usefulness of the word, and the aesthetic unity of the list in question. One competitor, Miss O. Slater, made this last her chief concern, and produced the following: *hocus-pocus, helter-skelter, hanky-panky, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, hum-drum, hugger-mugger, hoity-toity, hotch-potch, harum-scarum*. Very nice, but I cannot accept *hugger-mugger* as really current, while one or two of the other words can be matched, and even surpassed, in German. Nevertheless, I did consider Miss Slater, and also Joss (a quiet all-round man) for second place, and rejected them with misgivings; I must apologise to them or any other candidate whom I may have wronged of the second prize—for it was a near thing. In the end I decided in favour of Pithecus (please send name and address), in spite of *gag*. The first prize is, I think, certainly due to Birdikin, for sustained merit, purity of diction, and aesthetic charm.

FIRST PRIZE

1. Snob.
2. Gentleman.
3. Cad.
4. Prig.
5. Bore.
6. Humbug.
7. Fogy.
8. Duffer.
9. Quack.
10. Frump.

BIRDIKIN

SECOND PRIZE

1. Foolproof.
2. Fun.
3. Gadget.
4. Gag.
5. Gentleman.
6. Nonsense (in amusing sense: e.g., Nonsense verses, etc.)
7. Sporting ("a sport," "sportsman," etc.).
8. Racket (in fraudulent, etc., sense).
9. Stunt.
10. Utopian.

PITHECUS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 183.—BRAIN TEST

A newspaper runs each week a so-called "Brain Test," consisting of 30 factual questions. To each question five possible answers are given, one of which is the correct one. The object of those attempting the Test is, of course, to answer correctly as many questions as possible.

Knowall and Trihard are among those who attempt this Test every week. It has been found, by experiment, that Knowall's "expectation" is a score of 14 points out of 30. Trihard is better-informed. He is twice as likely as is Knowall to be sure of the answer to any given question.

What are the chances that one (at least) of these two will answer any given question correctly?

PROBLEM 181.—STELLA'S AGE

It is readily ascertained that the ages of the four children total 17.

By trial, the ages of the four children are 10, 4, 2, 1.

It can reasonably be assumed, from the conversation, that Stella is the eldest of the four, i.e., *Stella is* 10.

* One or two solvers have claimed as an alternative 9, 4, 4, 0. I do not consider such a solution admissible where there is a straightforward solution in integers.

PROBLEM 180.—THE LEAGUE OF TRADESMEN

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. M. Tasker, 1 Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

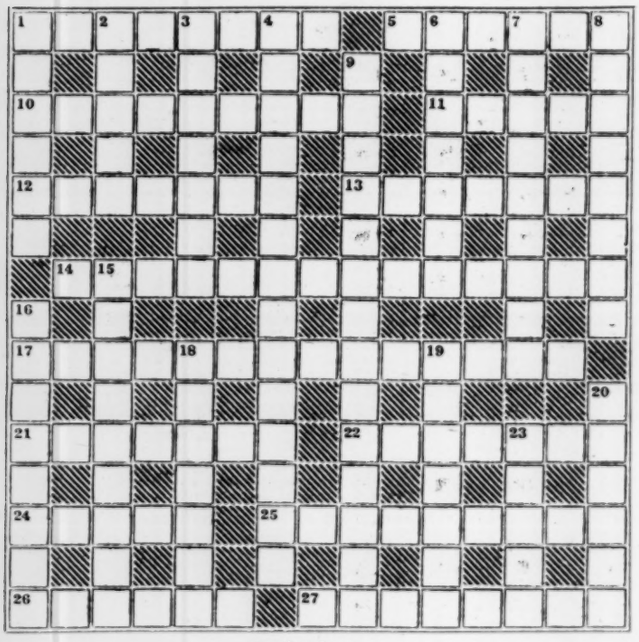
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 329

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Leslie Parkyn, Maycroft, Sutherland Avenue, Biggin Hill.

ACROSS.

1. Close adherent of the Crown.
5. Sound thus every night ideally.
10. In Spain this might be included in 9.
11. Request for income so to speak.
12. I cool it geologically.
13. A new-laid investment?
14. Horticultural description of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"
17. Not one of these was admitted by the operatic Grand Inquisitor.
21. One knows these troops by report.
22. We go to uncle when upset to get at the heart of things.
24. A lane with a turning.
25. Means to tell Isabel I'm in at eleven, but conceals it.
26. Are these parts of the window made of satin wood?
27. Used for unloading shells, not only by 21.

DOWN.

1. A high degree of learning.
2. Peacemakers may be so prized.
3. It's obvious the story was told the wrong way.
4. Does he help people to rub up a foreign language?
6. It looks as if such a relation rides roughshod.
7. He could not be a middle man.
8. This would give one riches unalloyed.
9. The man about town could not be expected to take the steps necessary for this.
15. They can't be "presented" of course.
16. Does the Secret Service agent drink from it?
18. Not a description of a frozen stream.
19. Chaldean beards grew on them no doubt.
20. A dog's tail behind the ship.
23. She inspired lovely verse.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	A	T	O	N	■	C	O	C	K	A	H	O	O	P
R	■	R	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	U	■	P	■	O
O	V	E	R	R	U	N	■	L	A	D	D	E	R	S
O	■	N	■	T	■	E	■	D	■	I	■	N	■	E
D	U	T	C	H	■	D	O	W	N	T	R	A	I	N
Y	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	I	■	■
H	O	L	D	T	I	G	H	T	■	H	A	R	E	M
E	■	■	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	■	■	I
N	A	K	E	R	■	T	U	R	N	R	O	U	N	D
■	■	E	■	■	■	H	■	■	■	D	■	P	■	D
G	R	E	E	N	P	E	A	S	■	L	A	B	E	L
U	■	L	■	O	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	R	■	E
M	A	R	T	I	N	I	■	D	U	N	N	A	G	E
M	■	O	■	S	■	N	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	A
Y	E	W	H	E	D	G	E	S	■	S	O	D	O	R

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA, Russian Ballet. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Love from a Stranger. W. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Winter Sunshine. Wed., Thurs.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

SHAFTESBURY. Boy Meets Girl. W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. Whi. 2525.
EVGS. at 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., at 2.30.
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.
Creations of MICHEL FOKINE personally directed.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
IVOR NOVELLO'S
ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY,
GLAMOROUS NIGHT.
Popular Prices, 2s. to 8s. 9d. inc. Tax.

GARRICK. (Tem. 8713.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
SARA ALLGOOD. ROGER LIVESEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ROYALTY. Ger. 7331. All Seats Bookable.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
WINTER SUNSHINE.
NICHOLAS HANNEN. ATHENE SEYLER.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thur. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
ESME PERCY. CLIFFORD BARTLETT.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
BOY MEETS GIRL.
New Comedy by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
Farce by Vernon Sylvaine. Staged by Leslie Henson.

VAUDEVILLE. (Temple Bar 4871.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. and THURS., 2.30.
GREEN WATERS.
Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind, Morland Graham,
Wilfrid Walter, Marie Ault, Henry Hepworth.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S ROBIN HOOD
"JANOSIK" (A).
A stirring tale of adventure.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
Monday, June 29, for 3 days, PAULETTE FLAMBERT in
LA MATERNELLE (A).
Thursday, July 2nd, for 4 days
EDMOND GREVILLE'S **REMOUS** (A).

ART EXHIBITIONS

INTERNATIONAL SURREALIST
EXHN., New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Hours: 10–5.30 (inc. Sats.). Adm. 1/3. PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, OBJECTS, LECTURES.

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1st Exhibition in England of the work of the famous Belgian artist, JAMES ENSOR. New Paintings by WINIFRED NICHOLSON, SUZANNE EISENDIECK'S incomparable pictures. LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square, 10–6.

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AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

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NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

NEAR Cherbourg. Professeur agrégé has vacancy for several boys and girls (14–18), July to September. Lessons if desired. Bathing. Box 228, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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The Two Mrs. Carrolls. By Martin Vale

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Constant Nymph.
By Margaret Kennedy.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Basil Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE JOINT AGENCY FOR WOMEN TEACHERS.
The official agency of the Headmistresses' Association, Association of Assistant Mistresses, Welsh Secondary Schools Association, and the Association of Headmistresses of Recognised Private Schools.
Apply to Miss K. B. Anderson, M.A., Registrar, 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Tel.: Museum 0656—9.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Classics. Salary £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1936.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before July 15th, 1936.
EDWIN DREW, Registrar.
Singleton Park, Swansea.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

ARMSTRONG COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
Applications are invited for post of Tutor-Organiser for Cumberland and Westmorland under the Board of Extra-Mural Studies. Salary £350 rising to £400. Appointment from 1st September. Qualifications in Economics and allied subjects required. Applications (eight copies) to Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Armstrong College, not later than 18th July, 1936. Further particulars obtainable from the undersigned.
Armstrong College, W. S. ANGUS.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2. Registrar.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

One female technical assistant is required at a salary of £150–£10–£220, subject to 5 per cent. deduction under the County Council's superannuation scheme. Candidates must have completed the course for the Diploma of the Library Association or of the School of Librarianship. Applications, accompanied by copies of three testimonials, must reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston, by the first post on July 4th. The successful candidate will be required to undergo a medical examination.

YOUNG man, progressive, keen, enterprising, seeks secretarial or other work. Experience modern school and musical journal. Considerable knowledge psychology, literature, music. Box 265, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED Tutor, taking Reading Party or resident pupils, to coach Hon. Mods., Oxford, during long vacation for undergraduate classical scholar. Preferably Archaeology Specialist. Box 267, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MOTHER'S Help wanted for small guest house, share all duties; country, 52 miles South London. State age, experience, salary. Box 263, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TYPIST (27) fluent German (acquired abroad) and French, seeks post. Box 271, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINES AND THE JUNE DIVIDENDS—INVESTMENT IN CHINA—THE JAPANESE ATTITUDE

IT is obviously impossible to write a City page from a bed in a nursing home, where an accident (non-motoring) is for the moment confining me, but how much better should we invest if we watched the cyclical trends in markets from afar and gave our buying or selling orders from there. Prices have moved just as I expected before the anaesthetic. The retreat from sanctions is being interpreted as an advance for the investor, and the slowly increasing expenditures on rearmament are at last being seen to have an investment importance as great as the building boom. When I recommence my duties I will return again to the armament and allied industries where there is still scope for profitable investment—for the investor without conscientious objections. In the meantime I will repeat Major Angas' advice in *Investment for Appreciation* (shortly to be reviewed here): "Don't buy in a hurry. . . . Do not buy when excited (you have probably caught fever from the crowd). Have no feelings, only reasons. And don't buy a share without first asking for an *adverse* opinion of it from your brokers." I suppose you give the buying order to the broker whose opinion is more adverse than the rest. I must ask my Statistical Assistant to finish the page.

* * *

The inevitable devaluation of the franc has been put off for the *n*th time and still the fun in Kaffirs goes on. During the last day or two the market has been more active, sometimes because the franc is bound to be devalued and sometimes because devaluation will not happen to-morrow. Also, the June dividends were on the whole encouraging. In our issue of April 4th, 1936, we made certain calculations of the profits of the mines after deductions of new taxes, one calculation based on the grade of ore mined in February, and the other based on the average grade of ore disclosed in the published ore reserves. There were some reasons for believing at that time that some of the mines, such as Randfontein, Nourse and Consolidated Main Reef, would raise the grade of ore mined, but each of these three has actually lowered the grade very slightly. The estimates (which have not been recalculated) are reproduced in the following table with the addition of the June dividends declared.

	Total Dividends 1935.	Estimated Earnings on 1935 tonnage (*a*) Feb. grade of ore.	(*b*) Grade of ore reserves.	June, 1936, Dividends.
Brakpan	2/7½	2/6	3/6	1/4½
Cons. Main Reef ..	4/9	7/–	10/–	3/6
Crown	17/–	18/6	20/–	9/6
Daggafontein ..	8/9	8/–	9/–	4/9
East Geduld	8/9	10/–	11/–	4/9
East Rand Prop. ..	2/9	3/9	5/–	1/9
Geduld	14/–	15/–	14/6	7/6
Langlaate	4/–	2/9	3/3	1/6
New State Areas ..	5/–	6/3	6/6	3/–
Nourse	3/9	6/–	7/6	2/6
Randfontein	4/–	5/–	7/6	2/6
Robinson Deep B ..	2/9	5/–	4/3	2/–
Simmer & Jack ..	–/6	1/1½	1/3	–/1½
West Rand Cons. ..	2/6	2/5	2/9	1/–

On the whole the dividends follow very closely the estimates of earnings on the basis of the grade being maintained at the February level. The course of prices since our previous note may be of some interest and are given in the following table, together with the yields calculated on the June dividends (without allowance for dominion relief of tax or amortisation).

	Price end March, 1936.	Present Price.	Current Annual Dividends.	Yield %
Brakpan	2 17/32	2⅝	2/9	5.24
Cons. Main Reef ..	4 5/16	4¼	7/–	7.37
Crown	14 9/16	14 13/16	19/–	6.41
Daggafontein ..	8 5/16	8 11/16	9/6	5.47
East Geduld ..	9⅝	9 3/16	9/6	5.17
East Rand Prop. ..	67/3	63/3	3/6	5.53
Geduld	10⅝	10 11/16	15/–	7.02
Langlaate	30/3	26/9	3/–	11.21
New State Areas ..	3¼	3⅛	6/–	9.60
Nourse	2⅞	2⅝	5/–	9.52
Randfontein	58/–	69/9	5/–	7.17
Robinson Deep B ..	2¼	2½	4/–	8.00
Simmer & Jack ..	15/6	13/3	–/3	1.88
West Rand Cons. ..	34/9	33/9	2/–	5.93

We like Randfontein and Robinson Deep "B," especially Randfontein. The substitution of the new tax for the Excess Profits Duty should enable the grade to be raised again without the Government's share of profits becoming excessive. Some proportion of profits must still be allocated to capital expenditure, but it seems reasonable to anticipate that eventually the dividend should rise to 6*s*. per share. Also, a large stretch of ground adjoining the Venterspost and Libanon properties of West Witwatersrand may be floated off as a separate company. Robinson Deep has just raised new capital by the issue of 152,479 "B" 7*s*. 6*d*. shares at £2 per share, which will be used, in the first place, to bring the milling capacity in a few months' time to 110,000 tons per month and, secondly, to meet capital expenditure between now and 1940. This means that from now on the whole of the net profit will be available for dividends on the shares.

* * *

Simmer & Jack reduced its dividend from 3*d*. for the half year to 1½*d*., owing to a severe pressure burst, resulting in complete cessation of hauling operations in the Rhodes vertical shaft. Normal operations cannot be resumed until about the end of this month, with consequent serious decline in profits.

* * *

China is in the news again—this time with the long-awaited report by Sir Frederick Leith-Ross on his nine months' visit. Sir Frederick's report makes encouraging reading, not only for those who have felt for some time that China affords great opportunities for British industry, but for those who are seeking real investment as opposed to the search for funk holes which has been the characteristic of investment markets in recent years. China needs capital goods and an ample flow of credit—especially for railway development. (Sir Frederick even believes that the Chinese Government desires to make some settlement with the patient holders of the defaulted railway loans.) As regards the first point, Sir Frederick repeats the common criticism that British exporters do not make a sufficient study of the Chinese market, and the announcement that Germany has now ousted England from the third place in China's foreign trade lends considerable point to this criticism. But what of investment in China? The dangers of the position are outlined only very faintly by Sir Frederick. After all, it is only three weeks since we were thinking in terms of Civil War, subsequently translated by the agile Chinese mind into pressure by Canton on the Central Government to adopt a stronger policy against Japan.

* * *

In November last China adopted a managed currency, and promised financial reforms. At that time we expressed considerable scepticism that the Shanghai dollar could be held at the rate of 14½*d*., but in actual fact the system seems to be working fairly well. The budget is still far from being balanced, but the balance of trade is improving, as the following table will show:

Year.	Imports.	Exports (in million Chinese dollars).	Balance.
1933	1,346	612	—734
1934	1,029	535	—494
1935	919	576	—343
1935 (4 months)	357	177	—180
1936 (4 months)	290	221	— 69

However, it is an open secret that the Japanese are encouraging the avoidance of Customs duties, and that one-third of the annual Customs revenue is lost by smuggling. Japan, of course, desires the development of China as much as anybody else, and it is obvious that she hasn't got the resources to do the developing herself unaided. But what hope is there of England and Japan coming to any honest agreement about China? It seems very doubtful whether any responsible adviser could really recommend a purchase of any Chinese bonds except the Customs loans, which, however, do not offer much scope. The present prices of the Chinese Customs loans, together with the high and low of this year, are set out in the following statement:

	High 1936.	Low 1936.	Present Price.	Yield %
Chinese 4½% 1898	104	94½	98	£5 5 0
Chinese 5% Boxer Loan 1925	100½	88	92	6 13 0
Chinese 5% 1913	96	80	87	6 10 0

The great risk for the investor in China is Japan. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross has talked to Government and business leaders in Tokyo, and knows more about the Japanese attitude than anyone else. Can the investor trust the optimistic note he sounds?

Company Meeting

SCRIBBANS & COMPANY

EXPANSION OF BUSINESS.

The Ninth Annual General Meeting of Scribbans and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, June 24th, in London.

Mr. PHILIP E. HILL (the chairman) said that, in common with other concerns engaged in their industry, they found themselves in the position of having increased business and less profits. The reduction in their case amounted to some £25,000 less than the comparable figure for the previous year. It was naturally disappointing at a time when industry in this country was so prosperous to show a fall in profits, but the true importance of that was, in his opinion, quite insignificant when compared with the actual expansion of the company's business during the period under review.

The increased prices of raw materials paid by the company and its subsidiary were over £63,000 in excess of those of the previous year. Under normal conditions they should have been able to show an increase in net profits of something in excess of £38,000. During the period under review the company had opened many thousands of new accounts, and its output for the present year showed a steady increase. As far as actual trade was concerned, he was anticipating that 1936 would be an excellent year for sales, but it was quite impossible to make any accurate forecast with regard to the price of raw materials. He, personally, thought they would see a further rise. They did know they were maintaining the quality of their products. They were manufacturing economically and pursuing an energetic sales policy.

He felt quite confident that when they met next year he would be able to report a still further expansion of business. He, personally, saw no cause for concern at the setback they had experienced, but genuine grounds for satisfaction on the expansion results they had so far achieved and the further progress so strongly indicated.

Referring to the retirement of Mr. Hathaway, the Chairman said that Mr. Hathaway had acted as managing director from the inception of the company until the end of last year. He had had an arduous and difficult task, which he had carried out with the greatest skill, and he was glad to say Mr. Hathaway had agreed to sacrifice some of his well-earned retirement by acting in an advisory capacity on the board, where his great experience in the business would be most welcome.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, June 28th, at 6.30, MR. T. M. CROOK: "A PERSONAL APPROACH TO RELIGION - ART."

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, June 28th, at 11a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "WHY NOT AN ENGLISH BIBLE?" Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

MAXIM GORKI MEMORIAL MEETING, Conway Hall, Friday, June 26. Chair, Prof. H. LASKI. Speakers: ERNST TOLLER, RALPH BATES, DR. MULK RAJ ANAND, RALPH FOX, etc., etc., etc.

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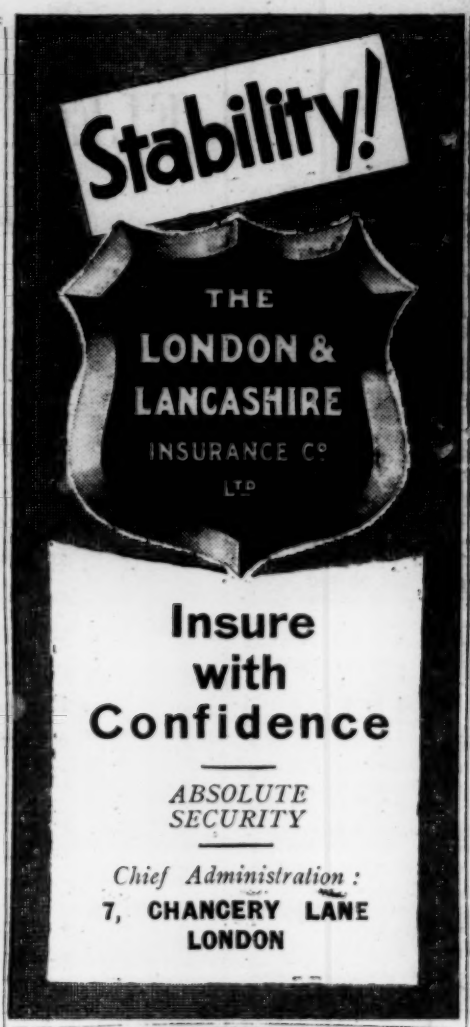

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